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THE MARCH OF THE DOMINION TROOPS THROUGH LONDON: THE KING TAKING THE SALUTE ON THE ROYAL DAIS OUTSIDE BUCKINGHAM PALACE.

Reading from left to right and beginning in the centre of the royal group—the figures are: General Currie, the King (saluting), the Duke of Connaught, Prince Henry (in Naval uniform), Lady Patricia Ramsay (seated), the Queen, Princess Mary, the little Earl of Macduff (in front), the Prince of Wales (standing behind), Princess Victoria, and Queen

Alexandra. In front of the dais, just below the Duke of Connaught is Mr. Winston Churchill (Secretary for War), and next in order to the right, Sir Douglas Haig, General Plumer, and General Birdwood. Below the King is General Sir Travers Clarke, and at the left hand end is General Sir Julian Byng

PHOTOGRAPH BY NEWSPAPER ILLUSTRATIONS.



By G. K. CHESTERTON.

IT is not only a sin, but a self-contradiction, to create equality without equity. Equality without equity is not merely iniquity, it is also inequality. For the man who is in the wrong has already had more than his rights; and to credit and not debit the amount to him is not to balance the books, but to cook the accounts. Equality and equity involve everywhere the restoration of rights. These are exceedingly simple truths, the alphabet of all law and morality. But they seem to be entirely forgotten in the discussion about our attitude to Germany; and forgotten not only among the Germans, but among ourselves. People talk of the scales of justice hanging even; but they forget that it is exactly when scales hang uneven that they are doing the work of scales. Scales have to measure the different weights and values of things; and that is exactly what we have to do, if we would redress the balance, after the barbarian king has again thrown his sword into the scale.

Thus, I do not myself care much about the individual barbarian king now in exile among the Dutch. I think he is what he was when people were hailing him as "the Lord Chief Justice of Europe," the glory of the Teutonic Race and the Royal Family—a shallow, morbid, miserable little man. Even recently somebody revived the old style of speaking about him, and called him "the once puissant and mediæval Emperor who tried to make himself the mouthpiece of God." In so far as he made himself the mouthpiece of God he was not mediæval, but rather anti-mediæval. As a matter of fact, he was about as mediæval as the *Daily Mail*. He was a sort of perpetual special edition, and he is now a back number—that is about the most exciting thing to be said of him. I gravely doubt if he was chiefly responsible for the war, or particularly responsible for anything. But the official arguments actually offered against holding him responsible appear unconvincing. For instance, it is apparently said by the American delegation that "proceedings against him might be wise or unwise; but in any event they would be against an individual out of office, and not against an individual in office." But, after all, it does not seem so very paradoxical that a person should not be on the throne of judgment while he is also in the dock—not to mention the gallows. The weakness of the argument, as of many modern arguments, is, of course, that it omits the universal moral idea of punishment. But, as the moderns still go on punishing the poor and ignorant, I have no sympathy for their fine feelings against punishing the rich and responsible. I do not think these

feelings even deserve so noble a name as sentimentalism, but should rather be described as snobbishness.

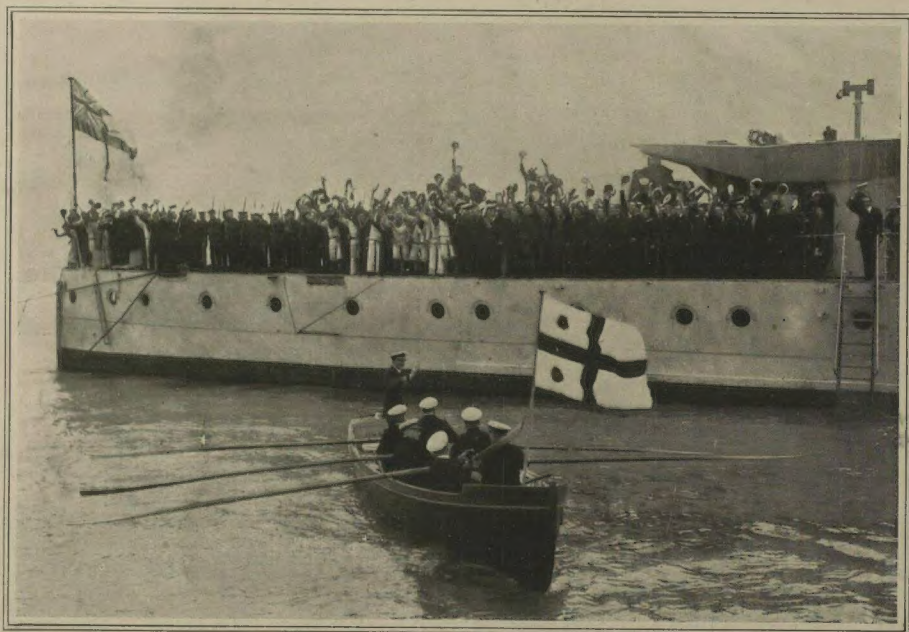
In the argument itself, therefore, there is no little logical weakness; but, if it were carried out consistently, it might at least have one practical advantage. If the German Emperor was not responsible for war, or if he is anyhow now not responsible for government, the proper inference is plain enough—that we should turn our attention to those Germans who now are responsible for government, and consider how far they were formerly responsible for war. And the truth is that the men of whom Scheidemann is the type really had almost as much responsibility for war as they have since had for government. It may well be maintained that their warlike spirit was

represent, we can only deduce that German popular feeling was then, and probably is now, as ambitious and aggressive as German autocratic or aristocratic feeling. If he does not trouble about representing anybody, it is useless to refer us to an improved popular sentiment which he is supposed to represent. The menace to mankind seems to remain the same, whether he was a democrat then or whether he is an oligarch now. But, in any case, I imagine nobody will say that Scheidemann was a mediæval, or that he merely professed to be the voice of God. Scheidemann was a modern, and modestly professed merely to be the voice of Humanity. And the highly practical fact we have to face, if we are not to involve the world in another hideous calamity, is the very simple fact that it is just as easy to parade the one imposture and impiety as the other. It is just as easy

to massacre men in the name of Man as to burn churches in the name of God. It is as feasible to decree inhumanity in humanitarian language as to decree sacrilege in sacred language. What the deeds of these men will be may remain to be seen. Since they thought such things as the invasion of Belgium consistent with Socialism in opposition, I cannot conceive why they should not think them consistent with Socialism in power.

I am astonished to find the French and Italians rebuked, in reasonable papers like the *New Statesman*, apparently for wanting a peace based on our victory. Does the *New Statesman* desire a peace based on the assumption of our defeat? Presumably not, for during the war, to do

it justice, it was firm enough upon the necessity to win. Now not only do I deny that it is wicked to win and use a victory; I strongly affirm that it is wicked to win and then not use a victory. If you fight and do not desire victory, I can only say that you must desire butchery. If people do not deserve to be suspected in policy and restrained in power, they certainly do not deserve to be ripped in pieces with shrapnel or impaled on steel spikes. I should accept the whole of the pacifist vision of war, if I had to take it along with the pacifist version of peace. War would really be as vile as they paint it, if it were as valueless as they would make it. But such ignorance of the French and Italian case comes chiefly from ignorance of something of which France and Italy are full—the real history of civilisation. It can be summed up here for the moment in one sentence—that this is not the first time the barbarians have moved against civilisation; and there is not, and never has been, even the adumbration of an intelligent reason for supposing that it will be the last.



AFTER HAULING DOWN HIS FLAG AS COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF AT HARWICH: ADMIRAL TYRWHITT ROWED ASHORE FROM HIS FLAG-SHIP BY SIX CAPTAINS.

Rear-Admiral Sir Reginald Tyrwhitt, the leader in many brilliant naval actions during the war, recently hauled down his flag as Commander-in-Chief of the Naval Forces at Harwich, on leaving for his new appointment at Gibraltar. He had just returned in his flag-ship, the "Curacoa," from the naval festivities at Brest. The officers and crew gave him a great send-off as he was rowed ashore at Shotley by six Captains, through an avenue of be-flagged mine-sweepers and drifters.—[Photograph by Illustrations Bureau.]

worse than the Kaiser's, because it was more wanton than the Kaiser's. It might be held that the War Lord was in some sense bound to lead in war; but a leader of the Socialist party was not bound to lead in the justification of war. It might be held that it was not so much William Hohenzollern as the Deutscher Kaiser who followed the armies across Belgium and waited in a white uniform at Nancy for the triumph that never came. But it was certainly Herr Scheidemann, as well as a mere member of the Reichstag, who followed the armies into Belgium to whitewash with hypocritical sophistries the most wicked oppression of modern history. It was certainly not necessary for an irresponsible professor of Socialism to go entirely out of his way to excuse and eulogise the chief act of Prussianism. He was not acting as a Socialist, and he was certainly not acting as a Pacifist. But, above all, if he was really acting as a democrat, the fact is far from reassuring about the spirit and future of German democracy. If he was really representing those whom he was supposed to

GREEK RITUAL AT A SOCIETY WEDDING: THE BIBESCO-ASQUITH CEREMONY.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, S. BEGG.



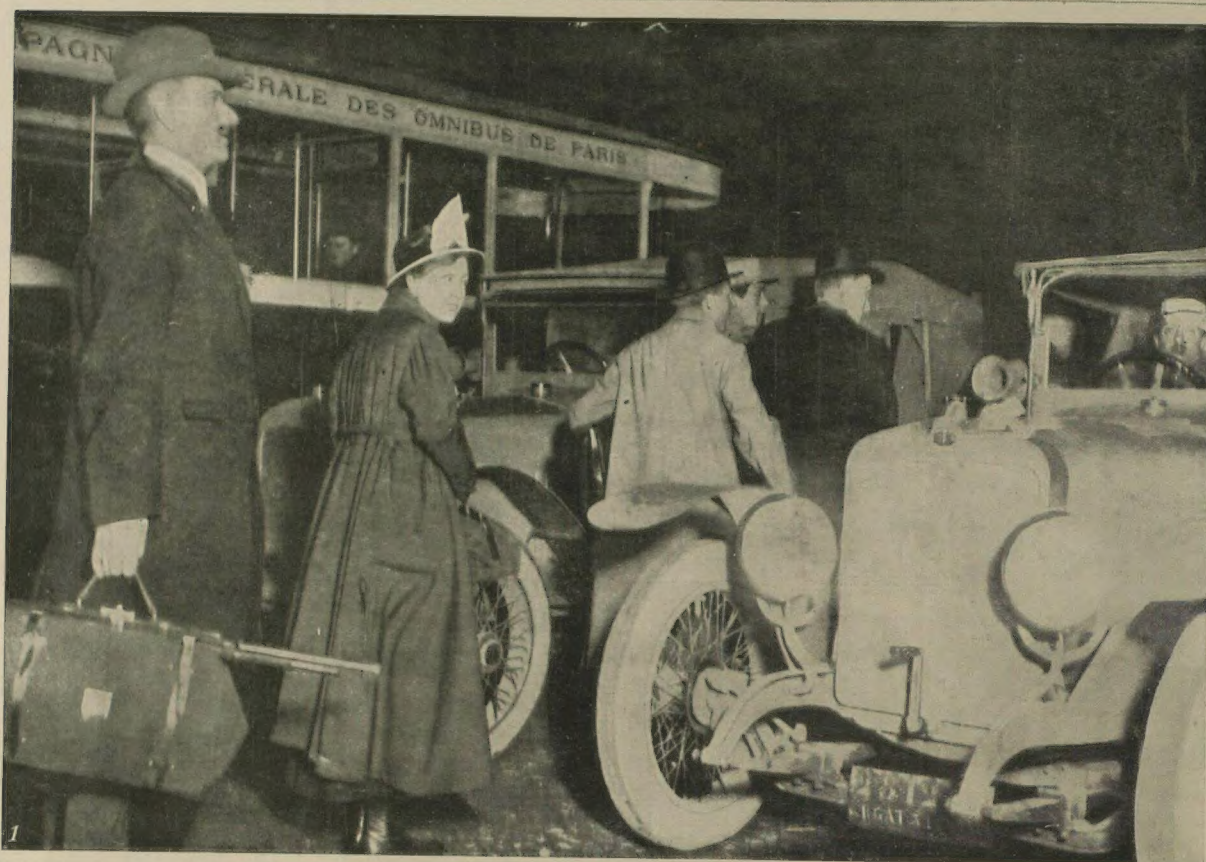
ACCORDING TO THE PICTURESQUE RITES OF THE ORTHODOX GREEK CHURCH: THE WEDDING OF PRINCE ANTOINE BIBESCO AND MISS ELIZABETH ASQUITH, AT ST. SOPHIA, MOSCOW ROAD.

Prince Antoine Bibesco, First Secretary of the Roumanian Legation, and Miss Elizabeth Asquith, daughter of the ex-Premier and Mrs. Asquith, were married on April 30. The Greek ritual was very interesting: the mutual kissing of the Cross by the bride and bridegroom, and the crowning of each by the Great Archimandrite with a small gold-band

crown bearing a Cross in front. After mutual drinking of wine from a chalice by the bridal pair, the whole party joined hands and moved thrice round the wedding table before the High Altar. The bridegroom's supporter was M. Misu, the Roumanian Minister. Previously, a civil marriage took place and later, another wedding at St. Margaret's, Westminster.

GERMAN PEACE DELEGATES AT VERSAILLES: ARRIVALS AND PLANS.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ILLUSTRATIONS BUREAU AND C.N.



1. AT VAUCRESSON STATION: GERMAN DELEGATES BEING CONDUCTED TO WAITING MOTOR-CARS BY THE PREFECT OF THE SEINE ET OISE.
2. ARRANGING TELEPHONIC COMMUNICATION BETWEEN DELEGATES' HOTELS: WIRING TREES.
3. A GERMAN PRESS PHOTOGRAPHER AT VERSAILLES: AT WORK FOR THE GERMAN PAPERS.

The first batch of over eighty members of the German delegation to the Peace Treaty meeting at Versailles arrived by two trains at Vaucresson Station on the evening of April 29. They were met by M. Chaleil, Prefect of the Department of the Seine et Oise,

who received them with a few formal and polite words, and introduced them to Colonel Henry, Chief of the French Military Mission. The Prefect then led the way out of the station to the motor-cars that were in waiting to convey the party to Versailles.

THE CHIEF GERMAN DELEGATE: COUNT RANTZAU AT VERSAILLES.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY PHOTOPRESS AND ROL



HEAD OF THE GERMAN PEACE DELEGATION: COUNT RANTZAU ALIGHTING FROM THE TRAIN
AT VAUCRESSON STATION.



LEAVING THE STATION TO MOTOR TO VERSAILLES: COUNT RANTZAU (CENTRE) WITH BARON VON LERSNER (NEXT TO RIGHT, IN FRONT)
THE LEADER OF THE ADVANCE PARTY

Count Brockdorff-Rantzau, head of the German Peace Delegates, and formerly German Minister in Denmark, arrived in the first of the two trains bringing the delegation which reached Vaucresson Station on April 29. With him were the five other principal German delegates, and a party of over 50 officials and secretaries. The second train brought

about 30 more. Count Rantzau was met at the station by Baron von Lersner, who was in charge of the advance party of German delegates that had arrived some days before to make preparations. Baron von Lersner presented Count Rantzau to Colonel Henry and M. Chaleil, Prefect of the Seine et Oise. The party then drove to Versailles.

THE GERMAN PEACE DELEGATION AT VERSAILLES: MEN AND WOMEN.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ILLUSTRATIONS BUREAU.



TRYING TO INGRATIATE HIMSELF: A GERMAN TALKING TO A FRENCH OFFICER.



WOMEN SECRETARIES OF THE GERMAN DELEGATION: TWO TYPICAL EXAMPLES.



ONE OF THE SIX CHIEF GERMAN DELEGATES: PROFESSOR SCHÜCKING (RIGHT), A LEGAL EXPERT.



LEADER OF THE GERMAN "ADVANCE GUARD" AT VERSAILLES: BARON VON LERSNER.

A number of women were included in the first contingent of the German Peace delegation to arrive at Versailles. "There are about twenty-five," writes Andrée Viollis, "living at the Hôtel Suisse and the Hôtel Vatel. They work modestly as typists or secretaries, and spend their free time eating cakes or buying the most violently coloured post-cards they

can find." Professor Schücking is a Pacifist and an authority on international law. Baron von Lersner was in charge of the small advance party of German delegates who went to Versailles to arrange for the coming of the main body. He met Count Rantzau on his arrival and introduced him to the French authorities.

May-Day Riots in Paris: A Mob Faced by Police and Troops.



WITH AN AGITATOR URGING THE MOB TO RUSH THE CORDON: DEMONSTRATIONS IN PARIS ON MAY DAY.

There was much disturbance in Paris on May 1, when the police took drastic action against Labour demonstrations. About 350 of the demonstrators were injured, and one, named Charles Lorne, was killed. Of the police 428 were injured, 12 of them seriously, and three mortally. The police were assisted by troops. The chief struggles were in the Grands

Boulevards, at the Gare de l'Est, where the mob was scattered by the Republican Guard, and in the Boulevard du Temple, where troops were hurriedly brought up and finally dispersed the crowd. In our photograph an agitator is seen on the right waving both arms to urge on his followers. [PHOTOGRAPH BY ILLUSTRATIONS BUREAU.]

The Reconstitution of the Territorial Force: The Army Council Discussing the Question.



THE TERRITORIALS TO BE "A REPLICIA OF THE REGULAR ARMY": THE WAR SECRETARY AND ARMY COUNCIL IN SESSION ON THE SUBJECT.

In the background (from left to right) are: General T. H. J. C. Goodwin, Director-General, R.A.M.C.; General Sir F. J. Davies, Military Secretary; Sir R. H. Brade, Secretary of Army Council; Sir James Stevenson, Bt., Surveyor-General of Supply; the Earl of Scarborough, Director-General of the Territorial and Volunteer Forces; Viscount Peel,

Under-Secretary for War; Mr. Winston Churchill, Secretary for War; Sir Douglas Haig; Sir W. T. Furse, Master-General of the Ordnance; Sir George Macdonogh, Adjutant-General; Sir Travers Clarke, Q.M.G.; General C. H. Harington, Deputy Chief of the Imperial General Staff; and General R. Hutchison, Director of Organisation. [PHOTO. ILLUSTRATIONS BUREAU.]

THE WORLD OF FLIGHT

CARIBOU-HUNTING BY AEROPLANE.

By C. G. GREY,
Editor of "The Aeroplane."

A NUMBER of excellent people seem deeply concerned at the proposed hunting of caribou by aviators. The general idea apparently was that, as there are unlimited herds of these deer wandering at large over the plains in the ownerless areas of Canada, the said herds should be rounded up by aeroplanes and driven into stockades or the like, where the does would be separated from the bucks and driven forth again to wander at liberty, after which a sufficient number of bucks would be slaughtered to satisfy the market demand for caribou. Furthermore, one gathers that this new industry or sport was to be achieved in aeroplanes "left over" by the dissolution of

nearly civilised as a Texan steer; and equally possibly the same process might result in the wild, untamed caribou becoming a standard provider of food for the multitude. He would, in such case, be a pleasing change from the eternal alternatives—beef and mutton. It would be the business of some department or other of the Canadian Government to see that he was regulated, as are the herds in the cattle country, and not exterminated, as in the case of the bison.

Given proper regulation, the aerial caribou-puncher might become as useful a member of society as the horse-mounted cow-puncher. It is

for caribou-chasing—even with the intention of wanton killing when possible—the odds seem to me to be very much on the caribou. In the first place, a training aeroplane is not very fast, is not very quick in manoeuvring, is not capable of remaining in the air for any considerable length of time, and is not well suited for landing in rough country. Therefore, one can foresee the ardent hunter being lured by his blood-lust into trackless wastes, and let down forty or fifty miles from his temporary aerodrome, with a completely smashed aeroplane, a considerably contused body, and the prospects of a long walk to his next meal. And probably he would not have the satisfaction of having slain a single caribou in the course of his jaunt, because for all intents and purposes the deer would be a very small stationary target which would be extraordinarily hard to hit from an aeroplane travelling at fifty miles an hour or so.

Even if the most modern fighting aeroplanes were used, much the same arguments would hold good, for the best of aero-engines have a habit of ceasing operations at times without handing in strike notices; and one rather thinks that the plains of Canada would be littered with the skeletons of deceased aeroplanes quite as much as by the skeletons of slain caribou. This business of big-game shooting over wild country is very far from resembling ordinary cross-country flying over pre-arranged routes along which there are proper landing-places at known intervals. The shooting game involves flying within a hundred feet or so of the ground, and thus a momentary engine stoppage, which might be cleared in the course of a glide from a height of five thousand feet or so, means getting down all anyhow into any kind of ground which may be under, or ahead of, the machine at the moment. And that, in wild country, means a crash nine times out of ten. Even a complete and irreparable engine stoppage at a height of a few thousands of feet gives the pilot a chance of picking a clear landing space and coming down slowly head to wind. In this game he has no such chance.



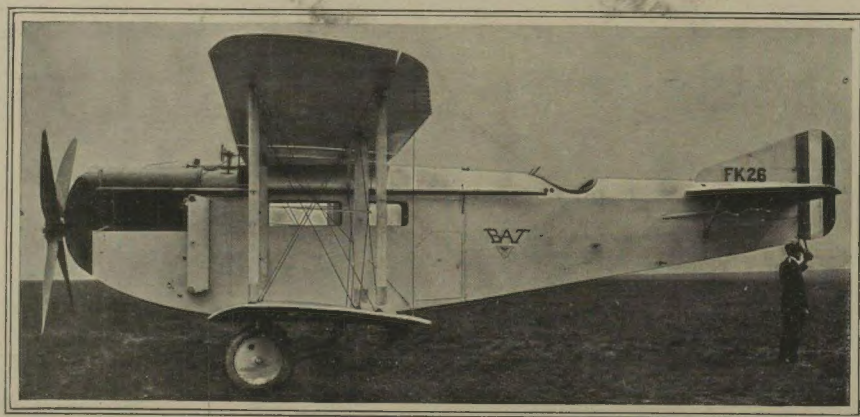
A PASSENGER 'PLANE "DE LUXE": THE B.A.T. BIPLANE "F.K. 26" SHOWING ITS THREE STARBOARD WINDOWS AND CANTED WHEELS.

The British Aerial Transport (B.A.T.) Company's passenger biplanes are the last word in comfortable air travel. The cabin (8 ft. long by 3 ft. wide) contains 4 armchairs, telephone to the pilot, and an altimeter and speed-indicator so that passengers may know their speed and height. The windows—3 on the starboard and 2 (to make room for the door) on the port side—can be raised and lowered at will. When they are closed, air is admitted by ventilators as in railway carriages. The pilot's cockpit is behind the passenger-cabin and gives him a splendid view. By denuding the cabin of its luxurious fittings, a cargo space for 2000 lb. of mails or goods is provided.

the Royal Air Force training camps in Canada. Judging by one's information concerning most of the aeroplanes used for training in Canada, almost all of which were built in the United States, one is inclined to the opinion that the promoters of the caribou scheme are unduly optimistic and its opponents unnecessarily pessimistic. We are reminded by the latter that at one time the plains of North America swarmed with herds of bison, all of which—except a few mangy fugitives and a few specimens in zoological establishments—have been ruthlessly exterminated by a mere handful of men on horseback armed only with single-shot rifles. The inference is that a whole air force mounted on swift aeroplanes and armed with machine-guns would obliterate all the caribou in Canada in about a fortnight. Which would probably be true if the Canadian Government were foolish enough to let all its young and bloodthirsty aviators loose to gratify their lust for slaughter, and if all the said aviators could lay hands on fast and reliable aeroplanes, and if aerodromes were available all over the caribou country, and if machine-guns and ammunition were available—and if a great many other improbable things happened at once.

What the defenders of the caribou have omitted to mention is that the abolition of the bison has been followed by the stocking of the North American plains with herds of the common and more or less domestic ox, which are probably as numerous as, and are certainly better conducted than, were the original inhabitants. The familiar cow-puncher of the cinematograph has taken the place of the wild hunter of bison—red man or pale-face as the case might be. His job is to preserve the herds, and to help them to increase and multiply and replenish the earth—even to the extent of replenishing Germany, so that the war indemnity may be paid; and replenishing Russia, so that the rampant Polisher may become a peaceful Socialist. Quite possibly, if the bison herds had been scientifically and systematically rounded up and thinned out and killed off, the bison might have become as

purely a matter for the Canadian Government to decide whether caribou-hunting by aeroplane is to be a butcher's business in which anybody who can



WITH CABIN CONTAINING FOUR ARM-CHAIRS: THE B.A.T. PASSENGER-BIPLANE "F.K. 26"—SHOWING PORT-SIDE WINDOWS AND DOOR AND PILOT'S SEAT.

obtain an aeroplane and a gun can indulge, or whether it is to be a regular industry pursued by duly authorised people. In either case one does not regard it as being quite the holiday picnic which it is represented to be by some writers. One old-fashioned sportsman has laid down very correctly the axiom that in big-game hunting the question of whether it is a sport or not is decided by whether the game and the hunter have approximately equal chances of success—the one in killing the game, and the other in either getting away or killing the hunter. That appears to be a very good basis on which to work, and may be adopted for the purposes of this argument.

Now, assuming that the ordinary sort of American training aeroplane is likely to be used

Taking it all round, one cannot see that the caribou is not likely to have a fair run for his money, and so the *desiderata* of those who hold out for the ethics of high-class sport seem to be fulfilled, even if mere slaughter is the object of the aviator. On the other hand, if the underlying principle of the proposed scheme is simply to round up the caribou and regulate their matrimonial affairs as those of the genus *Bos Domesticus* are regulated, then there is something to be said for it. If slow aeroplanes, fitted with carefully tested and very reliable engines, and with special landing gear designed for use on rough ground, are used for precisely the same purposes as a cow-puncher uses his horse, then this may be the beginning of a new industry and of a new era in the world's food-supply.

THE DOMINIONS MARCH: "SPRINGBOKS"; AUSTRALIANS; CANADIANS.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ILLUSTRATIONS BUREAU, C.N., AND SPORT AND GENERAL.



AT THE EMPIRE'S CENTRAL SHRINE: DOMINION TROOPS PASSING WESTMINSTER ABBEY.



THE MASCOT OF THE SOUTH AFRICANS: A YOUNG SPRINGBOK IN THE PROCESSION.



AT THE IMPOSING LONDON HEADQUARTERS OF THE COMMONWEALTH OF AUSTRALIA: THE PROCESSION WINDING ROUND AUSTRALIA HOUSE FROM THE STRAND INTO ALDWYCH.



WHERE 14,000 SCHOOL-CHILDREN LINED THE ROUTE: AUSTRALIANS ON CONSTITUTION HILL.



THE KILT AND SPORRAN IN THE PROCESSION: THE BAND OF THE CANADIAN SCOTTISH.

The Overseas troops representing the Dominions of Canada, New Zealand, and South Africa, the Commonwealth of Australia, and the oldest British Colony, Newfoundland, who marched through London on May 3, received the great welcome they had so splendidly earned by their heroism in the war. The route of the procession, which differed somewhat from those usual on such occasions, had been specially planned that the troops might pass the London offices of their respective countries. They started at Hyde Park Corner,

and marched by way of Constitution Hill, Buckingham Palace, Victoria Street, Whitehall, Charing Cross, and the Strand to Australia House, the turning point, where they wound round into Aldwych, and thence up Kingsway and along Holborn and Oxford Street to the Marble Arch. Both sides of Constitution Hill were lined with thousands of school-children. In front of the South Africans was led their mascot, a beautiful young springbok

A LAMENT FOR LONDON ODDITIES.

THE war, alas! seems to have put an end to the whole race of London oddities. They have all succumbed to its strains and stresses—or, what is sadder still, have been inscrutably compelled to take to honest work. The vagrant freaks who were familiar to the man in the street have all departed silently, invisibly. The Soap King, it is true, vanished before the war began—his last faked fit occurred in 1912; when he was removed from his hastily improvised pitch by two sturdy policemen in an ambulance; while his confederate (the red-faced gentleman in a seedy frock-coat who appealed to the crowd on his behalf for brandy and a little cash to help him on his way) escaped through a network of mean streets. It is said that the Soap King is now living comfortably on his savings in a suburban villa, where, on fine summer evenings, he sits out in his garden, chewing a small fragment of Old Windsor to remind him of the busy days gone by and his fine, frenzied vocation.

But most of the other freaks, alas! have retired from this sublunary sphere, to where beyond these vices there is peace. (Wouldn't that perversion

have annoyed Tennyson?) The Chiswick miser is gone, and I am told he left mighty little save dirt. I have more regret for the passing of the genial idiot who would sit about in Paddington byway and play on a comb after dark, and ejaculate "Grand music!" as you went by. He always carried a penny, so as not to be without visible means of self-support, and the police only got him once—when he was caught fishing a joint out of a basement kitchen with a hook and loaded line, the weather being hot and the window open and the cook engaged in reading a tale of purple passion by—well, she is the "best seller" to-day among lady novelists.

Vanished, too, is the pathetic old Australian who haunted the Strand, and had a card in his hat telling people he was hunting for his long-lost daughter (poor che-ild!) and requesting you not to give him money. But it is the loss of the rough-and-ready rhymesters which afflicts me with the sense of a cosmical grievance. The allurements of the Oval and Lord's will not be what it was before the war because of the absence of the genial Craig. I shall not forget his retort on a Mound Stand wit

By E. B. OSBORN.

(during a Test Match with the South Africans) who said, "Well, I could write verse as bad as that!" "But could you sell it?" was Craig's happy and well-rewarded reply. But even a greater loss, perhaps, is the departure of Spring Onions from his petty sphere of honest employment at the Thames Police Court. Thirty-nine times he had been up there for "D. and D.," and, but for becoming a semi-demi-teetotaler, he might have beaten Jane Cakebread's wonderful record. He was London's self-appointed Laureate, and it may be that the social historians of the far future (when our London is all one vast mound, like Nineveh or Babylon) will prefer his lines on the Coronation of Edward VII. to anything by Dr. Bridges—

The King, His Majesty, and may him Heaven bless.
He don't put no side on in his dress,
For, though he owns castles and palaces and houses,
He wears, just like you and me, coats and waistcoats
and trouses.

It must have been the fine flower of one of those hours of ordeal when, finding himself suddenly beset by the old craving, he would sit down and take a draught instead from the Pierian spring. My soul is sad for thee, my brother-in-art Spring Onions!

A TRIBUTE TO BELGIUM.

THE dignified protest made by the Belgian Senate against the choice of Geneva instead of Brussels as the seat of the League of Nations, recently published in the daily Press, and the energetic urging of a claim for a larger share in the first instalment of the indemnity to be given up by the Germans, have scarcely met with the sympathy that the sacrifices made and services rendered by the Belgian people during their time of trial have merited.

It is only possible for those who are in the inner councils of the great to judge the actual merits of the Belgian claim to a first share of £100,000,000 from the indemnity, and the pros and cons of such a demand cannot be entered into here; while the choice of Geneva instead of Brussels is regretted for many reasons. The chief argument for the choice has been that the sittings of the League of Nations should be held in the calmer atmosphere of a capital which has not been subjected to the indignities of a German occupation; but the question of a recompense for hardships bravely endured does not seem to have moved those who have judged without appreciation of the feelings of the Belgian people; and this people of many trials has perforce to bow to the decision that has been taken with regard to the future Law Courts of the Nations. But that is now a matter of past history; what chiefly concerns present history is that the attitude taken up by the Belgian Crown, Chambers, and Delegates had all the appearance of acting as a brake upon the wheels of Peace, therefore clashing with the natural impulse of the British people to see the settlement and signature of the Peace Treaty brought to a speedy and satisfactory conclusion. Many were apt to lose their sympathy, and, in their irritation, overlook the services, both public and individual, which the Belgians have rendered in the past.

These will have to be reminded that Belgium, alone of all the industrial nations in the war, has for the full period of the struggle had every manufacture, every industry, strangled by the iron hand of the enemy; and even after the Armistice all facilities for the commerce of the country were held up for repairs to the permanent way, or for the supplies of the Allied Armies quartered therein. The hardships caused by this stagnation cannot be realised sufficiently in Great Britain, and it says much for the restraint of the Belgians that their reasonable grounds for complaint have had so little effect upon their gratitude.

What we owe to Belgium as a whole is a matter of history, both written and to be written. It is an appeal to individual sympathy that one desires to make in this article; and for this, personal experiences must serve as examples of what occurred everywhere during the German occupation, and even after the hated enemy was finally thrust out of the country they had held in durance vile for so long.

It was my good fortune to enter Belgium close upon the heels of the retreating Germans, and I was in Tournai on the day of its relief—indeed even before its relief, as at that time the enemy was in occupation of that portion of the city which was on the east bank of the Scheldt. In spite of the fact that a considerable part of Tournai was then in the hands of the enemy, the inhabitants of that usually placid town poured out of their houses to give a vociferous and whole-hearted welcome to the incoming British troops—a cordiality which was typical of the attitude of the whole population of Belgium throughout the four months during which I was with the British Armies quartered in that country. This attitude of friendship and hospitality never wavered, in spite of the trials which the reservation of the few remaining lines of communication for the purpose of transport of troops and supplies caused to the people who had for so long been left without the bare necessities of life.

Shortly afterwards, I proceeded to Brussels, and was there a few days after the last German was speeded on his way to his own country. I was present at the first entry into the city of the King and Queen of the Belgians—that moving homecoming after a long exile through the madly joyous crowd, once so apathetic over their Sovereigns, now frantically loyal to those Patriots who are the symbols of Belgium's heroism.

Next to me on the stand from which I viewed the procession was a Belgian lady, who, as is usual with the upper classes in Brussels, spoke English admirably; and in the course of conversation, she informed me that she was engaged in looking after the welfare of the returned British prisoners. She described to me the horrible plight in which these unfortunates found their way to Brussels, and the efforts put forth to make sane, clean, and healthy men of the poor wrecks, victims of German brutality and heartlessness. The resources of the people of Brussels were strained to the utmost, but nothing was stinted, and everything was done without expectation of thanks or return of favours.

The lady invited me to go down and see the latest batch of prisoners; and we proceeded to a large school-house filled with men of all descriptions, garbed fantastically in costumes that were obviously the gift of peasants from their scanty wardrobes—clothes being almost unprocureable throughout Belgium during the German occupation.

Some were in the last stages of exhaustion; but others, who had been cared for by the Good Samaritans of Brussels and were grouped together waiting for some means of transport to take them to the coast, crowded round me and another officer with me, delighted after their long captivity to speak to a British officer once more.

By B. S. I.

As they all tried to talk at once, it was difficult to get a coherent narrative from any of them, but the universal theme was their gratitude to the Belgians, all and sundry, who had, in spite of the unceasing and strict vigilance of the Germans, fed them from their meagre means of subsistence. "We should have died of starvation," they said, "had it not been for the Belgians, for the Germans gave us not enough to keep a mouse alive"; and then came accounts of the various subterfuges by which food was supplied to the poor wretches who were once the flower of our Army. Bundles of food attached to pieces of string let down from the windows of the prisons; parcels left "accidentally" on the window-sills of cottages for the passing prisoners to remove; bread daringly handed over when the guard's back was turned—all this was done, in the face of fines and blows in case of detection; done in spite of the terrible shortage of food which was universal; done for strangers out of sheer charity and sympathy with the troubles of others, though their own troubles were sufficient to weigh down any but the stoutest-hearted!

There was not one dissentient voice in this unanimous eulogy of the people who are now begging for a chance to re-establish themselves in the commerce of the world.

As to the treatment of the men in Brussels itself, their praise became almost incoherent with wonder and admiration. One young fellow could scarcely contain himself because the lady of the house with her own hands prepared a hot bath for him; but most wonderful of all was the fact that "she actually put a thermometer into the bath, so that it should not be too hot or cold!" This he repeated to me a dozen times, with an admiring audience of a hundred other prisoners. In fact, every returned prisoner, whether officer or man, was treated as an honoured guest in all the finest houses in Brussels.

Of the universal hospitality extended to every officer during the whole time the British and Dominion troops were in Belgium, all will bear witness; and it is this hospitality, which showed the intense affection and feeling of gratitude for the British, that should be utilised for a complete *rapprochement* between the two countries. For it is individual and mutual respect that makes for a permanent link between two nations, and it is by this means that commercial and political sympathy and reciprocity are built on solid foundations more surely than by any formal treaty.

To let this chance of friendly relations slip through a lack of understanding would be a misfortune, and every effort should be made to avoid forgetfulness of the many claims to our gratitude that Belgium has established during her years of trial.

THE DOMINIONS MARCH IN LONDON: THE KING TAKING THE SALUTE.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ILLUSTRATIONS BUREAU AND SPOTY AND GENERAL.



1. WITH AIRSHIP "T 14" OVER THE NATIONAL GALLERY: DOMINION TROOPS MARCHING IN DOUBLE COLUMN OUT OF WHITEHALL INTO TRAFALGAR SQUARE.
2. NEW ZEALAND INFANTRY MARCHING PAST THE KING AT BUCKINGHAM PALACE: HIS MAJESTY TAKING THE SALUTE, WITH THE QUEEN SITTING BESIDE HIM.

At Buckingham Palace the great central gates were opened, and between the pillars a dais with an awning had been erected for the King and the royal party, among whom were the Queen, Queen Alexandra, Princess Victoria, the Prince of Wales, and Prince Albert. Standing immediately below the King may be seen Mr. Winston Churchill (in

top hat), Secretary for War, and to the right of him, Sir Douglas Haig and General Plumer. As they arrived in the procession, General Currie, commanding the Canadians, General Chauvel, for the Australians, General Young, for the New Zealanders, and Lieut-Col. Thackeray for the South Africans, dismounted and joined the group.

THE DOMINIONS MARCH: THE AIR ESCORT'S PHOTOGRAPHS.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CANADIAN WAR RECORDS.



1. PHOTOGRAPHED FROM ONE OF THE CANADIAN AEROPLANES: CROWDS LINED UP IN THE STRAND OUTSIDE CHARING CROSS STATION.

2. TRAFALGAR SQUARE AND THE ADMIRALTY ARCH AS SEEN FROM THE AIR: A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN FROM ONE OF THE AERIAL ESCORT.

These very interesting photographs were taken, before the procession passed, from one of the machines of the aerial escort. This consisted of fourteen Canadian aeroplanes, which circled over London in arrow-head formation. An airship, the "T 14," also went up. It can be seen in one of our photographs on another page flying over the National

Gallery. The upper photograph on this page shows (at the top in the centre) the fore-court of Charing Cross Station. The lower photograph was taken directly above the Nelson Column, which can be detected in the left foreground, while on the right is the semicircle of the Admiralty Arch.

THE DOMINIONS MARCH THROUGH LONDON: AN AIR-PILOT'S VIEW.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CANADIAN WAR RECORDS.



1. THE STARTING-POINT OF THE PROCESSION—FROM THE AIR: TROOPS MARCHING FROM HYDE PARK CORNER DOWN CONSTITUTION HILL.

These remarkably interesting photographs were taken from one of the 14 Canadian aeroplanes which formed an aerial escort during the Dominions march on May 3. If the spectators look like ants, however, the procession itself is much too orderly and symmetrical for that comparison. In the upper photograph, Hyde Park Corner, whence it

2. ARTILLERY PASSING BUCKINGHAM PALACE: TAKEN FROM AN AEROPLANE, SHOWING THE QUEEN VICTORIA MEMORIAL ON THE LEFT.

started, appears on the right, and on the left the troops are seen-marching down Constitution Hill past the arch surmounted with a quadriga. In the lower photograph, an artillery column is seen turning to pass before the King, between Buckingham Palace (right) and the Queen Victoria Memorial (left). The royal dais may be seen between the gates.

THE DOMINIONS MARCH IN LONDON: THE KING AND HIS GENERALS.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BRITISH ILLUSTRATIONS, LTD., AND C.N.



1.



1. THREE DISTINGUISHED OFFICERS: (FROM LEFT TO RIGHT) GENERAL SEELY, AN AUSTRALIAN GENERAL, AND GENERAL BURSTALL (2ND CANADIANS).
2. THE KING'S JOKE: 'HIS MAJESTY CHATTING WITH SIR HENRY RAWLINSON (LEFT), AND THE EARL OF CAVAN (CENTRE).
3. AN INTERESTING GROUP: (L. TO R.) GENERAL PLUMER, SIR DOUGLAS HAIG, THE PRINCE OF WALES, AND GENERAL RAWLINSON.

The Canadian troops headed the procession. They included the Canadian Cavalry Brigade, and the 2nd and 4th Canadian Divisions. The Canadians were followed in succession by the Australians, New Zealanders, South Africans, and Newfoundlanders. In front of the raised dais outside Buckingham Palace, where the King took the salute, a group of dis-

tinguished Generals stood to watch the march-past, among them Sir Douglas Haig, General Sir Herbert Plumer, and General Sir Henry Rawlinson. After the procession had passed, the King and Queen left the dais and, with the Prince of Wales, chatted with the officers present. A little later, their Majesties drove from Buckingham Palace to Windsor.

THE DOMINIONS MARCH THROUGH LONDON: ROYALTY AND SPECTATORS.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CANADIAN WAR RECORDS AND C.N.



THE HIGH COMMISSIONER FOR CANADA: SIR GEORGE PERLEY (CENTRE) WITH LADY PERLEY AND GENERAL TURNER, V.C.



THE QUEEN AND A DISTINGUISHED GENERAL: HER MAJESTY SHAKING HANDS WITH SIR JULIAN BYNG.



CANADA'S EX-PRINCESS: LADY PATRICIA RAMSAY (SECOND FROM RIGHT) WITH THE LITTLE EARL OF MACDUFF.



THE KING AMONG HIS GENERALS: HIS MAJESTY WITH SIR DOUGLAS HAIG (LEFT) AND THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT (RIGHT).

The Queen watched the march-past from the dais outside Buckingham Palace, where she sat beside the King as he stood to take the salute. An interesting figure in the royal party was Lady Patricia Ramsay, whose recent wedding aroused such great popular enthusiasm. Her husband, Commander Ramsay, R.N., has since been appointed a Naval

Attaché in Paris. She is seen in the left-hand lower photograph holding by the hand the little Earl of Macduff, the five-year-old son of Prince and Princess Arthur of Connaught, who acted as one of the pages at her wedding in Westminster Abbey. Sir George Perley is High Commissioner for Canada in London.

SCIENCE JOTTINGS



THE ARABIAN AL-CHEMIST



PUNISHING THE REBELS: THE EGYPTIANS' BOOKS ON CHEMISTRY BURNED BY ORDER OF DIOCLETIAN.



AUTHOR OF AN ENCYCLOPEDIA OF MEDICINE: DRAUGHTS THE ARABIAN PHYSICIAN

WE are now supposed to be embarking on a serious attempt to rid ourselves of the menace of rats in our midst, partly on account of the heavy toll they levy on our food supplies, and partly because these vermin are the disseminators of disease in many forms. This being so, it is a little disconcerting to find that there are those who, in the name of "sport," are engaged in destroying one of our most valuable allies in the suppression of this "terror that walks by night"! This ally is the stoat.

The record of this incredible folly, tricked out in all the jargon of the hunting-field, and through which runs a note of jubilant self-satisfaction, has recently been given a place of honour in one of our leading journals devoted to field-sports and kindred subjects, as though it were indeed one to be proud of.

Those to whom this perverted form of sport appeals may urge that this protest is unjustified, because the stoat is no match for a full-grown rat. That, however, is not true, though no doubt but a comparatively small number of rats are killed by stoats. With immature rats the case is very different, and these are also killed by weasels. These little animals also kill large numbers of mice, which are scarcely less harmful, and which, as the rat population decreases, will rapidly increase. At the present time, without doubt, these two carnivores should be carefully nursed. Yet only recently one of my correspondents, in telling me of his untiring efforts to reduce the number of rats in his neighbourhood, excused himself for killing every stoat and weasel he could find. The lack of mental balance which such a confession displays is pitiful. Yet these men will tell you that they are "field-naturalists," learned in all the lore of wild animals. The trouble really is that the hunting and killing instinct, with them, dominates their whole mental outlook. They are not only absolutely unable to see the other side of the picture, but they grow furious if it is even suggested that there is another side.

The "sport" of stoat-hunting is pursued with the aid of terriers, "Sealyhams" for choice; and the poor victim is dislodged from his place of

HANDS OFF THE STOAT AND THE WEASEL!

refuge by the brutally unsportsmanlike aid of live fuses, as many as three being sometimes necessary to make the retreat intolerable. The Sealyham is a breed of terriers but little known outside the sporting world; where it is more legitimately used for otter and badger hunting. It has only recently come much to the fore, though

There are those who are qualified to speak on the subject who deny the ability of the Sealyham to tackle quarry so large as an otter, unless assisted by poles, sticks, nets, big stones, and strong boots.

No less an authority than Mr. Martin Hinton has recently insisted that stoats and weasels are among the best friends the British farmer and the public at large possess. But a special word has

to be addressed to the game-preserver, pure and simple. He must not forget that a carnivorous palate is not the exclusive property of carnivorous animals properly so called. The development of such tastes is merely a matter of opportunity, and competition: squirrels, for instance, are carnivorous whenever and wherever they get the chance. The brown rat is, on occasion, almost as bloodthirsty as the stoat. If stoats and weasels were exterminated the numbers of this species would increase very rapidly, and, as a consequence, large numbers of them would be obliged to assume the carnivorous rôle of their banished foes. In such a case their high fecundity would make them most formidable: game and poultry would suffer immediately, and, to a far greater extent than they have ever done from all our living carnivores combined.

Further, it is open to question whether entire immunity is a good thing, in the long run, for game. Be that as it may, the preservation of a sufficient number of carnivores is of vital importance to the welfare of general agriculture and the national interest. If the continued existence of predatory animals be really incompatible with game-preservation—so much the worse for the game.

Indeed, it may be safely asserted that not

one of our native species of mammals or birds should be persecuted to extinction: each has its part to play in maintaining the balance of nature in this realm, and the present state of our knowledge does not warrant a belief that any member of its native fauna may be safely dispensed with. The brown and black rat and the house-mouse we may exterminate—if we can—for they are aliens. Therefore, then, hands off the stoat and the weasel!

W. P. PYCRAFT.



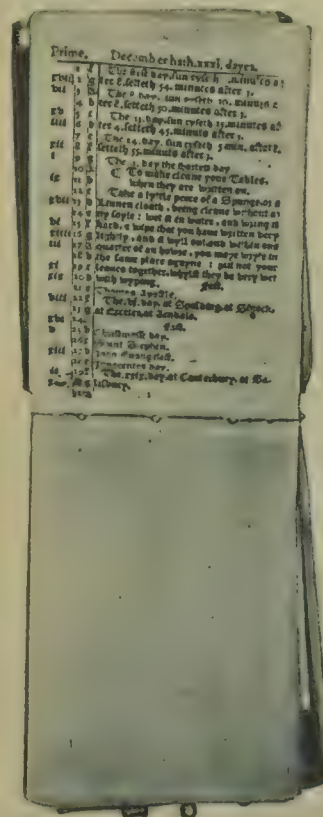
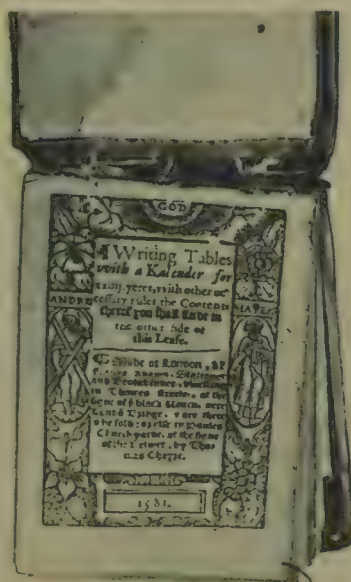
SHOWING THE TRIANON PALACE, AND THE HOTELS ASSIGNED TO THE GERMAN DELEGATES: AN AIR PHOTOGRAPH OF VERSAILLES, THE SCENE OF THE PEACE MEETING.

The letters marked on the photograph indicate: R, part of the Hôtel des Réservoirs assigned to the chief German delegates; V, the Hôtel Vatel, and S, the Hôtel Suisse, allotted to other delegates; T-P, the Trianon Palace, the scene of the conferences; E, entrance to the Trianon Palace in the Avenue de la Reine; and N, the Neptune Basin in the park.—[Photograph supplied by Photopress.]

it is said to have been bred by the Edwardes family, at their seat at Haverfordwest, for nigh on a hundred years. It is a short-legged, long-bodied animal, with certain characteristics of the fox-terrier. But it has a hard, wiry, weather-resisting coat, and in regard to colour is mostly white, with black or brown markings. According to some authorities, such an animal should not weigh more than 18 pounds, but to-day a somewhat greater weight is preferred, especially for badger-hunting.

"MY TABLES": A RARE POCKET DIARY OF SHAKESPEARE'S DAY.

By COURTESY OF MESSRS. PUTTICK AND SIMPSON.

FROM A RARE SIXTEENTH-CENTURY BOOK OF WRITING TABLES:
A PICTURE PAGE OF CONTEMPORARY COINS.CONTAINING INSTRUCTIONS FOR CLEANING THE
TABLETS: A PAGE OF THE "KALENDAR".FOR WRITING
ON BLANK
IVORY TAB-
LETS:
THE STYLUS."WRITING TABLES WITH A KALENDAR . . .
MADE AT LONDON . . . 1581": THE TITLE-PAGE.SHOWING THE POSITION OF THE STYLUS WHEN THE BOOK WAS CLOSED:
THE UNDER-COVER OF THE WRITING TABLES.

We illustrate here, by courtesy of Messrs. Puttlick and Simpson, the well-known literary auctioneers, a rare and very interesting relic of sixteenth-century life which recently came into their sale-room. It describes itself, on its own title-page, as "Writing Tables with a Kalendar for XXIII. yeres. . . . Made at London by Franke Adams, Stationer and Book-binder, dwelling in Thames streete at the signe of y black Raven . . . 1581." It contains an almanack, ten thin ivory tablets for memoranda, with a stylus (or pen),

prayers, weights and measures, money tables, wood-cuts, and a description of England and Wales. On the December page of the calendar (shown above) are given directions for cleaning the tablets with "a lyttle peece of a sponge, or a Linnen cloath, being cleane without any soyle." Such writing tables are mentioned often in Shakespeare and contemporary writers. Hamlet, for instance, says: "My tables—meet it is I set it down." Specimens are extremely rare. This one fetched £100 at the sale.

FROM THE ROYAL ACADEMY EXHIBITION OF 1919: A NOTABLE PICTURE.

FROM THE PAINTING BY NORMAN WILKINSON.



"THE MERCHANT SERVICE."

"Nothing daunted by submarines or mines, they maintained the traditions of our race."—ADMIRAL OF THE FLEET SIR DAVID BEATTY.

The author of this fine picture in the new Academy, Lieutenant-Commander Norman Wilkinson, is a well-known marine artist whose work is familiar to our readers, having been frequently reproduced in this paper. Lieutenant-Commander Wilkinson is also the originator of the famous "Dazzle" system of naval camouflage, which saved so many ships from submarines during the war.—[The Copyright in the Picture is kindly loaned for the paper by Messrs. J. & J. L. Publishers of "The Royal Academy Exhibition".]

The Story of the Royal Academy

(1769-1919)

BY AUSTIN BRERETON.

(Continued.)

THE connection of Reynolds with the Royal Academy lasted from 1768, with a brief interlude (in 1790), until his death in 1792. During that period he delivered fourteen Discourses, the last, in Somerset House, on Dec. 10, 1790. A curious incident occurred in connection with this valedictory pronouncement. The principal gallery was crowded to excess. The President had hardly risen ere a beam supporting the floor gave way. Great excitement ensued, people rushing to the doors in considerable alarm. Sir Joshua, however, was unperturbed. The floor was only slightly disturbed, and order was soon restored. Then the President, "with perfect composure," began to speak. The address, given in the graceful and melodious style of which he had the secret, was full of valuable advice to the students. But over all there seemed to hang the gloom of departure, and many among the audience must have heard a fatal warning in the closing words: "My age and my infirmities"—his sight had become seriously affected in the previous year, and he had not painted since—"make it probable that this will be the last time I shall have the honour of addressing you from this place. . . . I reflect, not without vanity, that these discourses bear testimony of my admiration of that truly divine man; and I desire that the last words which I should pronounce in this Academy and from this place should be the name of Michael Angelo." One of the most affecting and dramatic moments in art and literature followed. As Reynolds descended from the platform Edmund Burke, grasping his hand, spoke these lines from Milton—

The Angel ended: and in Adam's ear
So charming left his voice, that he awhile
Thought him still speaking, still stood fixed to hear.

That voice, which charmed all hearers, was soon to be stilled. Reynolds died on Feb. 23, 1792. His executors, the chief of whom was Edmund Burke, desired that the body should be laid in state in Somerset House. Sir William Chambers, as trustee of the building, pointed out that, under the terms of the trust, such a ceremony could not be allowed. Such was the estimation in which Reynolds was held that the King made an order sanctioning the proposal. Accordingly, in the antique room, draped in black and lighted by wax candles set in silver, the remains reposed until the funeral on March 3. The procession was so long that the first part reached St. Paul's before the last had left Somerset House. The people, as well as the distinguished men in all ranks of science, art, and literature, mourned the loss of the first President of the Royal Academy. "Never," wrote Burke, "was a funeral attended with so much sincere concern of all sorts of people."

Those years in Somerset House were glorious ones for the Academy. From 1780 to 1838, in addi-

tion to the painters whose names have been set down, the Academicians included Edmund Garvey, J. F. Rigaud, Opie, Fuseli, Ozias Humphrey, Robert Smirke, Thomas Stothard, Sir Thomas Lawrence, Richard Westall, John Hoppner, Sir William Beechey, Sir Martin Archer Shee, Flaxman, J. M. W. Turner, Sir John Soane, David Wilkie, Raeburn, Mulready, Sir Francis Chantrey, C. R. Leslie, Etty, Constable, Sir Charles Eastlake, Landseer, Clarkson Stanfield, Sir William Allan, and others of lesser note. The next home of the Royal Academy was in Trafalgar Square. Its pictures were exhibited in the eastern half of the National Gallery from the opening of that building in 1838 until 1869.

In the latter year the Academy was removed to Burlington House, for long the town residence of the Burlingtons and Cavendishes. The original part of the house is occupied by the offices of the Royal Academy. The old ball-room is now the library; next to that is the council room; then come the saloon, the secretary's room, and the assembly room. These apartments are on the first floor, and are full of treasures which are known

so many objections, in Parliament and from other quarters, that the project was abandoned. In 1866 the Government leased the mansion for 999 years to the Royal Academy, together with the ground between it and the rooms of the Royal Society. The Exhibition rooms were then erected, the architect being Sydney Smirke, R.A. The Exhibitions were held here for several years before the Academy took possession of its offices. In 1873, a storey with niches for statues of Phidias, Apelles, Flaxman, Raphael, Michael Angelo, Titian, and Reynolds was added. Here are housed the Diploma pictures and the Gibson statues.

The Diploma pictures form a unique collection. To the majority of Londoners and casual visitors to the Academy they are unknown. By a law passed in October 1770, every member has on his election to present to the Academy a specimen of his skill, to be called his Diploma Work. Con-

sequently, there are no Diploma Works, in the strict meaning of the term, of the original members of the Academy. But examples of their work, either given by themselves or presented by others, are included in the gallery. The original members, their names being given in the order of their signature to the memorial to George III., were: Joshua Reynolds, Benjamin West, Thomas Sandby, Francis Cotes, John Baker, Mason Chamberlin, John Gwynn, Thomas Gainsborough, J. Baptist Cipriani, Jeremiah Meyer, Francis Milner Newton, Paul Sandby, Francesco Bartolozzi, Chas. Catton, Nathaniel Hone, William Tyler, Nathaniel Dance, Richard Wilson, G. Michael Moser, Samuel Wale, Peter



THE WORK OF A FAMOUS ACADEMICIAN: "THE SLEEPING NYMPH AND THE SATYR," BY WILLIAM ETTY, R.A. 1828.

William Etty was born at York in 1787, and died there in 1849. He became an R.A. in 1828. Among his best-known works are "Ulysses and the Sirens," and three pictures illustrating the story of Judith.

only to the happy few whose business takes them thither. These rooms have their memories too. William Kent, who was a better architect than painter, was befriended by Lord Burlington, lived for several years in Burlington House, and died there in 1748. Handel lived here for three years; Gay was a frequent visitor. Here, also, Eva Maria Violetta resided for some years, until her marriage with David Garrick. When, in 1744, the celebrated dancer arrived in this country, she brought with her an introduction to the Countess of Burlington, who showered kindness upon her and insisted that she should take up her abode in Burlington House. Upon her marriage to Garrick, five years later, she endowed her with £6000.

Burlington House has a history of unusual interest, even for London. Literature, art, science, politics, and persons have combined to make it famous. Among other things in art, it had the honour of affording a shelter to the Elgin Marbles. In 1854, the Cavendishes sold the house and gardens to the Government for £140,000, a small sum for such an extensive property in Piccadilly. It was the intention of the purchasers to erect a new National Gallery on the site; but there were

Toms, Angelica Kauffman, Richard Yeo, Mary Moser, William Chambers, Joseph Wilton, George Barret, Edward Peany, Agostino Carlini, Francis Hayman, Dominic Serres, John Richards, Francesco Zuccarelli, George Dance, William Hoare, Johan Zoffany. The Diploma Works, over two hundred in number, include "specimens of the skill" of Reynolds, Gainsborough, Richard Cosway, Nollekens, Opie, Fuseli, Stothard, Lawrence, Flaxman, Turner, Wilkie, Mulready, Etty, Constable, Landseer, David Roberts, Frith, Millais, Sidney Cooper, Calderon, Watts, Leighton, Pettie, Poynter, Orchardson, Alma Tadema, Edwin Long, Marcus Stone, Prinsep, Onslow Ford, Seymour Lucas, Von Herkomer, E. A. Abbey, J. S. Sargent, and many other Royal Academicians. These works constitute an epitome of art in England during the last hundred and fifty years. They are of great interest to the ordinary visitor and well worthy the study of the embryo painter.

Adjacent to the Diploma Gallery is the Gibson Gallery. It contains the works in marble and plaster which were in the studio of John Gibson, R.A. (1790-1866), in Rome, at the time of his death. He bequeathed them, together with a sum of

(continued overleaf)

THE STORY OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY: PORTRAITS OF FAMOUS MEN.



THE ARCHITECT OF SOMERSET HOUSE, ONCE THE HOME OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY: SIR WILLIAM CHAMBERS.—BY SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.



A GREAT PORTRAIT-PAINTER, AND ONE OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY'S ORIGINAL MEMBERS: THOMAS GAINSBOROUGH.—BY HIMSELF.



A FAMOUS CORNISH ARTIST WHO WAS PROFESSOR OF PAINTING AT THE ACADEMY: JOHN OPIE, R.A.—BY HIMSELF.



BENEFACTOR OF THE ACADEMY BY THE CHANTRY BEQUEST SIR FRANCIS CHANTRY, R.A.—BY THOMAS ELLERBY.

Sir William Chambers, who was born in Stockholm in 1726 and died in London in 1796, was the architect who in 1775 rebuilt Somerset House, first occupied by the Royal Academy. Part of the building is seen in the corner of Reynolds's portrait (above), which is in the National Portrait Gallery.—Thomas Gainsborough, one of the thirty-six original members of the Royal Academy, was born at Sudbury in 1727 and died in 1788. He is buried at Kew. He was at the height of his fame as a portrait-painter about

1780, and from 1769 to 1783 contributed regularly to the Academy.—John Opie was born in 1761 at the village of St. Agnes, in Cornwall, and died in 1807. He was buried in St. Paul's, near Sir Joshua Reynolds. In 1806 he became Professor of Painting at the Academy.—Sir Francis Chantry (1781 to 1842) was an eminent sculptor and portrait-painter. He left most of his property to the Royal Academy (the Chantry Bequest) for the purchase of works by British artists and to provide for the President

money (part of which was to be used for the erection of a gallery for their permanent housing and exhibition), to the Royal Academy. They consist of eighty-two groups, statues, and reliefs, including a replica of the tinted Venus, which aroused considerable interest and discussion when seen in the International Exhibition of 1851. Among the miscellaneous pictures belonging to the Academy, the chief treasure is a copy, in oil, the size of the original, of Leonardo da Vinci's "Last Supper," which is of greater value than the original at Milan. It is the work of Marco d'Oggione, da Vinci's scholar. The original painting has suffered so much from the vicissitudes of fortune that not a trace of Leonardo's work is left. This copy was formerly in the convent of the Carthusians at Pavia. It was painted during the lifetime of Leonardo, and is still in perfect preservation.

The annual dinner of the Royal Academy is, as already noted, an old institution. The first dinner, in commemoration of the opening of the first Exhibition on April 26, 1769, was presided over by Reynolds, and attended by several lovers and patrons of art. It took place at St. Alban's Tavern, an inn celebrated for its political and fashionable dinners, which stood in St. Alban's Street, Pall Mall, a small street which, called after Henry Jermyn, Earl of St. Alban, was removed in 1815 to make way for Waterloo Place. The first official dinner, held on April 23, 1771, was limited to twenty-five. The numbers increased so rapidly that, in 1809, it was decided to limit the invitations to 120, exclusive of the members of the Academy. It was further enacted that they should be extended only to "persons in elevated positions, of high rank, distinguished talent, or known patrons of the arts," and that each person proposed should be ballotted for by the members of the Council present, two black balls to exclude—a regulation which is still in force. The invitations, however, have been extended to two hundred. The roll of invited guests has been kept from the beginning. Unhappily, there is no record of the speeches before 1851, when, under the Presidency of Sir Charles Eastlake, the Prince Consort was present. The speeches then made, especially that of the Prince—who averred that criticism was "absolutely necessary to the development of art"—attracted so much attention that it was resolved to invite, in the following year, the *Times* as representing the Press. King Edward introduced the custom, which has since become general at public

dinners, of smoking immediately after the toast of the health of the Sovereign has been drunk.

There have been many changes in our mode of life since the first of the Academy dinners, for which the charge was five shillings a head, was held. In 1774, for instance, there were only two courses. But they were solid ones, that of the first consisting of "fish, fowles, roast beef, pidgeon pye, raised pye, ham, sallad, and greens." For the second course, there were "lamb, goose, ducks,

of the Institution, to which the Keeper as Resident officer shall be invited; that the plate of the Academy be used on this occasion, and that the guests do each contribute five shillings"—half of the sum being for the housekeeper, the other half for the "porters attending." The dinner is still held, but the scene of this historic function is now the Assembly Room—formerly the dining-room of Burlington House—of the Academy. The diners are now, as in 1812, limited to twenty—the five outgoing members of the Council, the five incoming, and the five remaining members, the President, the Keeper, the Librarian, the Treasurer, and the Secretary.

"The Exhibition," wrote Johnson to Mrs. Thrale in May 1783, "prosper so much that Sir Joshua says it will maintain the Academy." It has done so from that day to this. In 1792, it had become a flourishing institution; quite independent of royal bounty or any other help than that derived from the profits of the Exhibition. In that year they were £2602, and the Academy had invested over £12,000. Its schools had fulfilled all the purposes for which the Academy had been founded—564 students, including Cosway, Wheatley, Stothard, Lawrence, Hoppner, Shee, Flexman, and Turner, who received free tuition, having been admitted from 1769 to 1791. Moreover, considerable annual sums had been given to the widows and children of distressed artists. The schools "provide means of instruction for students of painting, sculpture,

engraving," are open, with-
n who satisfy the authorities
ready attained such a pro-
le them to draw or model
ertain rudimentary acquaint-
The schools are under the
eper, who resides within the
emy, Visitors, and Professors,
ter comprising professors of
painting, sculpture, architec-
ture, anatomy, and chemistry,
a teacher of perspective, and a
master in the class of architec-
ture. Among the other advan-
tages accruing to the student
is access to the library, which
contains 10,000 volumes deal-
ing with the literature of the
fine arts. Here, also, is a
valuable collection of engrav-
ings and autotype reproduc-
tions of the contents of the
chief Continental galleries.

In addition to the Pres-
idents, Secretaries, Keepers,
Treasurers, Librarians, and
Professors, a roll which
embraces the most distin-
guished names in painting,
sculpture, architecture, anat-
omy, and chemistry for a
century and a half, the
Academy rejoices in its list
of honorary members, chap-
lains, secretaries for foreign
correspondence, professors of
ancient literature and ancient
history, and antiquaries. Sir
Walter Scott held office as
antiquary for five years,
1827-1832.

It would require many pages to enumerate all the names on the Academy roll—Academicians, Associates—but of the great many to whom the words were proposed the health of the annual dinner in 1828

If he had been forgotten
It had been as a gap in our great feast
And all things unbecoming.



THE WORK OF A FAMOUS ANIMAL-PAINTER: "THE FAITHFUL HOUND,"
BY SIR EDWIN LANDSEER, R.A., 1831.

asparagus, and pudding." The strength of the drink matched the solidity of the food. There were only two wines, port and Madeira! For "desert of fruit," "stronge beer," and "olives after supper," the charges were extra. In the early days of the dinner there were songs, many of which were specially written for the occasion, during and after the meal.

Something of this old-time spirit of conviviality is still kept up in another annual dinner which is



BY A BROTHER OF SIR EDWIN LANDSEER: "THE DYING WARRIOR,"
BY CHARLES LANDSEER, R.A., 1845.
Charles Landseer (1799-1879) was three years older than his more famous brother Edwin. They were the sons of John Landseer, A.R.A., a well-known engraver. Charles became an R.A. in 1845.

like many of the other delights of the Academy, confined to its members. The old year is seen out in solemn—not too solemn—fashion at the Academy. On Dec. 22, 1812, it was "Resolved, that the new and old Council be requested to meet together at the Royal Academy on New Year's Eve, according to ancient usage: that a dinner be provided for them in the Library (at six o'clock) at the expense

THE STORY OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY: LANDSCAPE AND PORTRAITURE.



BY A MILLER'S SON WHO BECAME ONE OF THE GREATEST OF ENGLISH LANDSCAPE-PAINTERS:
 "A LANDSCAPE," BY JOHN CONSTABLE, R.A., 1829.



BY A GREAT SCOTTISH PORTRAIT-PAINTER: "A BOY
 AND RABBIT," BY SIR HENRY RAE BURN, R.A., 1815.



BY A FAMOUS P.R.A.: "A GIPSY GIRL," BY SIR
 THOMAS LAWRENCE, PAINTED IN 1794.

John Constable, the great landscape-painter, was born at East Bergholt, Suffolk, in 1776. His father was a wealthy miller, who at first refused to allow him to follow his bent in art, and for some years he worked at the mill. He became an A.R.A. in 1819, and an R.A. in 1829. Five years later three of his pictures, "The Hay Cart," "A View near London," and "The Lock on the Stour," were shown in the Paris Salon.—Sir Henry Raeburn was born at Edinburgh in 1756 and died there in 1823. He became an A.R.A. in

1813, and R.A. in the following year. Edinburgh was his headquarters, and he painted all the leading Scotsmen of his day. George IV. knighted him in 1822, and later he was appointed "His Majesty's limner."—Sir Thomas Lawrence, one of the most famous of English portrait-painters, was born at Bristol in 1769. On the death of Reynolds in 1792, he became Painter-in-Ordinary to the King. Two years later he was elected R.A., and painted "A Gipsy Girl" as his presentation picture. He became P.R.A. in 1820

FIELD-MICE AND VOLES.

By S. L. BENSUSAN

THE attention of the public has been directed so largely of late to the ravages of the brown rat that there has been a tendency to disregard the advent of two very unpleasant rodents of a smaller growth. I refer to the long-tailed field-mouse and the common vole. The first-named has been extremely busy throughout the autumn, and in places where its presence was unknown a year ago, you may find the ground pitted with holes that suggest the face of an unvaccinated person who has suffered from small-pox. The damage done is at present inconsiderable; but as soon as spring planting is completed we are safe to hear very unpleasant stories. I found that these mice showed a particular fondness for bee-hives, some of them electing to winter on top of the protecting cloths; while in one case, a pair tunneled right through the lower part of the brood-frames and proceeded to make a nest immediately under the bees. The latter appear to have ignored their presence.

The common vole has a much shorter tail than the field-mouse; its ears are furry, its nose blunt, and its colouring not so attractive. The first reminder of its presence in my neighbourhood came from the discovery of a fine young apple-tree, wired round the trunk to keep rabbits away, but attacked by voles, which had eaten the bark right round. Since then their holes may be seen in all directions, and there is every reason to fear that we shall have one of the visitations that have been recorded in English agricultural history at intervals through three or four hundred years. One of the worst took place only a few miles from me in 1580, and is recorded in Holinshed's

Chronicle. In some parts of the North of England and Scotland, the voles have been destroyed by a hasty gathering of their natural enemies.



A LARGE GERMAN AERODROME IN BRITISH USE: A GENERAL VIEW AT BECKENDORF, NEAR COLOGNE, SHOWING BRITISH AEROPLANES.—[British Official Photograph.]

Rather more than forty years ago, for example, the district in Scotland that suffered worst was

found suddenly to be full of hawks, buzzards, and weasels. They came in their hundreds, and the field-voles were destroyed.

At the present time mice and voles, between them, constitute a danger that I am endeavouring to meet by poison. The trouble is that I have not yet succeeded in getting the carbonate of barium in the proper form. It must not be crude, and it must not be completely purified, the variety between the two being most desirable. This, when mixed dry with a little oatmeal and coarse sugar, put into a screw of paper and pushed down the holes, will probably be found efficacious. In the meantime, it is well for all those who are concerned with the interests of the farmer, the small-holder, the market-gardener, and the flower-garden to encourage as far as they possibly can hawks of all kinds and weasels. The man who permits his gamekeeper to destroy any of these is little better than a public enemy.

Traps are of very little use against voles and long-tailed field-mice, because, although they are efficacious as far as they go, they do not go far enough. The rate at which these little rodents multiply is very rapid. A device that sometimes avails to catch large numbers is to dig a trench at least thirty inches deep along the ground they have frequented in their nocturnal ramblings. Many will fall in and will be unable to get out. It would be well for all those who have voles and field-mice on their land to waste no time in proceeding against them, because they have been known in the past to create something like a famine in the part of the country they have invaded.



WITH AN AMBULANCE WAGON IN ATTENDANCE IN CASE OF CRASHES: BRITISH AEROPLANES LINED UP AT THE GERMAN AERODROME AT BECKENDORF. The line of machines with the ambulance behind them at the near end can be seen in the centre background of the other photograph.—[British Official Photograph.]

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LITERATURE.

"Under Cossack and Bolshevik," write an uninteresting book on Russia in revolution; and for one with the experiences to draw on of Miss Rhoda Power to have made "Under Cossack and Bolshevik" (Methuen) dull must be regarded as an impossibility. Miss Power went out to Russia during the war, to be English governess to Natasha, daughter of the Sabarovas. (These names, as others of private persons introduced to our acquaintance, are as the author informs us, fictitious.) The Sabarovas lived in Rostov-on-the-Don, a typical South Russian trading centre, and they were typical of the rich families in such a city. Add that they had a country house in the neighbourhood of Odessa, whither Miss Power accompanied them; that she was in Rostov for many months of the Revolution; was left for periods to look after herself and their house while they sought asylum elsewhere, and put to the full test the security they alleged of her British nationality; and that in the end, she escaped by a journey of long stages to the Murmansk, and the claim we make for the author of possessing unusually rich and adventurous material for a book even of this kind is amply confirmed. The promise will not be lost on those who during many recent months have sought to understand the situation in the region of the Don Cossacks. The fulfilment is due to its manner no less than its matter. Miss Power wisely does not attempt to exhaust her experiences; but only selects impressions of them. Her book is less a history than a series of vignettes. If Kerensky and Kaledin, for example, make appearances in it, somewhat unrelated with the course of events, it may be said that no historian

at the moment would seem to have any certain clue to their association with each other, and with the Revolution story as a whole. What Miss Power vividly conveys to us is a sense of the absurd lawlessness and often diverting insecurity of the circumstances of existence for the *bourgeoisie* or any connected with them. And the humour as well as courage with which it was endured by herself and others—even if the humour has

tion to the author's son, about tradition and change in a certain "old nursery" known to both, and "still decorated with Alec's cricket and football groups upon one wall," an allusion, no doubt, to the author of a school novel instinct with the spirit of change—"The Loom of Youth." After this letter follows a prefatory chapter in which the author describes his own work as "the expression of a type of mind trained to Victorian standards," and speaks

of "the enormous difficulty of holding fast to a true tradition in the midst of an overwhelming whirlpool of change." As he points out later, it is one of the most difficult, but most important, functions of criticism to preserve the balance between old and new in literature, and to recognise real merit and promise in the work of innovators. A book like this is very valuable to the reader who wishes to separate the grain from the chaff in the abundant harvest of the modern Press. The two parts into which it is divided, *Studies in Poetry* and *Studies in Prose*, cover between them the work of most of the younger poets, novelists, and essayists of the present Georgian period, together with that of some of their elders, including Stevenson, Henry James, Samuel Butler, Stephen Phillips, Swinburne, and Dickens. That Mr. Waugh is by no means hide-bound in his adherence to tradition is proved by the fact that, while he subjects the new poetry to some severe

and searching strictures, he acclaims with enthusiasm the sincerity and value of the new realism in fiction; as represented, for example, by Mr. Compton Mackenzie's "Sinister Street" and the novels of Mr. Hugh Walpole. All these essays of Mr. Waugh's are marked by sound judgment, a catholic taste, and a wide outlook. Together they form a golden thread of guidance through the labyrinth of contemporary literature.



PLANNING THE TRANSPORT TO POLAND OF THE POLISH TROOPS IN FRANCE: GENERAL HALLER (LEFT) AND GENERAL HENRYS.

General Haller is in command of the Polish divisions in France which it was arranged to send to Poland. Some of the troops have fought for the Allies on the Western Front since 1915. Others have come from America, and others are ex-Austrian soldiers captured by the Italians.

General Henrys is head of the French Military Mission for the reorganisation of the Polish Army.—(Photograph by Harlingen.)

waxed in retrospect as this lively narrative was penned—are admirable.

"Tradition and Change."

Under the title, "Tradition and Change" (Chapman and Hall), Mr. Arthur Waugh has gathered into volume form a number of critical essays and reviews, most of which have appeared recently in various periodicals. The book opens with a charming personal letter of dedica-

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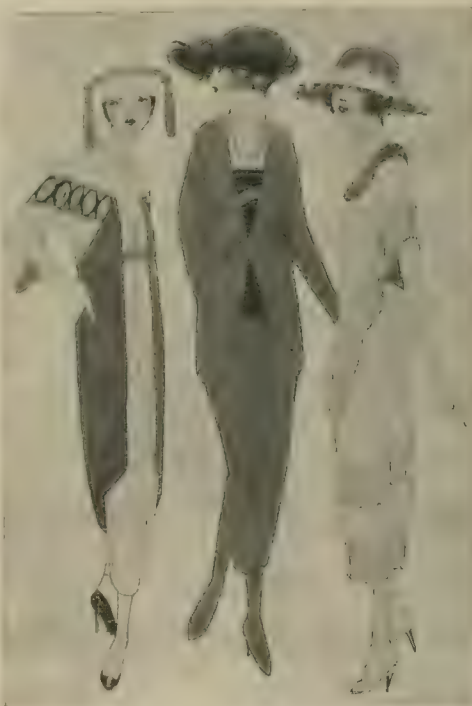
LADIES' NEWS.

WE are all very sorry for our doggies. They loathe their new spring bonnets, and can see no good point about them. Snub noses and long noses are treated all alike; there are many sizes, but uniformity in style, and the pets are really disturbed about this lack of consideration for their featural differences. All sensible folk are agreed that the order is necessary, and are obeying it cheerfully. A woman who lives in Surrey took her muzzled terrier for a walk, and got into the district of Godstone without knowing it. A policeman told her she would have to quarantine the animal, as she had brought it out of a proclaimed district. There was an argument, very heated on both sides. Finally the officer of the law listened to reason, and the lady and her pet walked back. They had only got ten yards out of the proscribed area, so it was not very serious. But the idea of leaving a small district like Godstone and a big town like Croydon free, and putting all the rest of Surrey under control, calls for some explanation.

Dress at the weddings on the last days of April was more spring-like than the weather. One hopes that the discrepancy caused no colds. Of late years we have taken leaves out of American books, and depended for warmth when out of doors on heavy, handsome furs. This winter and wintry spring the arrangement has not proved altogether successful, because it has not been possible to keep interiors warm enough, on fuel allowances, to feel comfortable in chiffon blouses and scanty skirts and silk stockings. There were some very ethereal-looking bodices at the last April weddings, and some arms glowed all too redly through opaque or quite transparent fabrics. Classical fashions were all very well in classical climates; ours of late has inclined more to Arctic conditions, and it was noticeable that the women in the churches looked far better before they cast and when they had resumed their furs than in their thin frocks, with draped or veiled arms.

These are the days when dressing well is made remarkably easy. It is quite usual to choose a lovely frock from a model sketched and from a set of patterns sent. The famous house of Liberty, Regent Street, are pioneers in many ways; we women owe it much. Now we can choose from thirty colourings and three designs and three sizes delightful dresses for the coming summer in the coloured voles which are acclaimed so lovely by every woman who has seen them. Folders containing drawings of the

styles and patterns in which ready-to-wear frocks in each style can be supplied at 45s. each, are sent on application. A dress, or dresses, can be chosen, ordered, and sent without further trouble. The styles of to-day—which are, of course, those used—require no special fitting; and the frocks are lovely. They are finished with net collars and cuffs.



THREE OUTDOOR FROCKS.

The figure on the extreme left wears a dress of two shades of grey trimmed with embroidery in brick-red and black. The central figure has chosen navy-blue Gabardine for her costume, with an original waistcoat of brocaded black velvet and white satin. The third dress is of bronze-green face cloth, with a cut fringe, and a touch of fur round the neck.

Something quite sensational to the house-lover was seen last week at a private view at Harrods, a firm which is continually proving, in the way pleasantest to its millions of supporters, its foremost place in the world's commerce. It was a collection of Oriango carpets. They were a revelation to the many present of the skill with which the beautiful old Eastern carpets, now worth their weight in gold, may be reproduced. The pearly, silky sheen which is a characteristic feature of the old carpets is brought back for us too. This is a real triumph of English manufacturers—not achieved, I am told, without years of effort and the patient overcoming of many difficulties. There is the further wonder about these beautiful carpets that they are moderate in price; while the sheen, the texture, and the colours are as enduring as they are beautiful. The originals from which these are the triumphantly successful developments are priceless works of art. Oriango carpets have come to mark a very forward movement in English textile production.

The Duchess of Devonshire, having married her second daughter, sails for Canada to rejoin the Duke on the 10th. Her Grace has been in England for a couple of months; she greatly likes the Canadians, among the elder of whom her mother, the Marchioness of Lansdowne, is remembered with great affection as a most gracious and delightful social head of affairs, when Lord Lansdowne was Governor-General of the Dominion. It was with great regret that one heard that the riding accident which caused the postponement of Lady Sybil Scott's marriage to Mr. Phipps, 1st Life Guards, of Chalcot, Wilts, might have more serious consequences than were at first anticipated. It was feared that there was injury to the spine. Happily, Lady Sybil is young and strong, and is said to be making satisfactory progress, so it may be hoped that the injury will soon yield to treatment, and the wedding take place on May 14—accounts of her progress at the Devonshire wedding were heartening. Lady Sybil's brother, the Earl of Dalkeith, a brother officer of the Prince of Wales in the Grenadier Guards, is now said to be in his Royal Highness's Household. Lord Dalkeith's position will be a great one in the future; and in the present he is a singularly fine and lovable young soldier of whom everyone who knows him speaks well.

There is a profession to which no woman seems to be desirous of entering. It is that of veterinary surgeon. Yet I think women who love animals would make splendid vets., and, as a paying profession, it compares favourably with that of doctor. The Royal College of Veterinary

(Continued overleaf.)

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(Continued.)

Surgeons is quite behind the times: for it gives no qualifications to our sex, and provides no facilities for women students. This is quite wrong. Think of the ways of women with sick animals. Many a calf of great value, many a priceless foal, many a pedigree piglet, many a lamb of great cost has been nursed back to health by a woman when they have been ill, with or without the aid of a vet. If that functionary has been in attendance, he has always acknowledged that the nursing has had most to do with the recovery. Why not medical and surgical skill and nursing together?

There are hats and hats in this spring-time: any kind of head-gear seems to figure as fashionable. What is satisfactory about this anarchical millinery is that it is really pretty and becoming. Something of this merit is due to the greater care taken with arranging the hair. Even with the small capotes drawn down over the brows there is evidence of careful hair-dressing, either in a curl or two at the sides, waves or ripples at the back, or, in extreme of fashion, curls pulled up through the crown and falling over tulle or lace. At dinner, dance, and play, too, this attention to the hair is even more observable. It proves the truth of what a student of feminine charm says, that no amount of extraneous adornment is of any value unless the natural adjuncts—hair, teeth, complexion, carriage, expression, and manner—are made the most of.

The bare arm is a vexed question. Fashion decrees classical dress, and that implies bare arms. A very small proportion of modern arms are worthy to be bared: that is the crux of the matter. A pretty bride, in a pretty dress, went to her wedding the other day perturbed nearly to tears. A tyrannical dressmaker insisted



A SHOULDER-SCARF.

This consists of three very full strands of selected ostrich feathers, mounted on Ninon and lined with silk. It is fastened with a dainty cord girdle, and can be had in black or white. Both the blouses and the scarf are the creation of Harrods, Ltd., of Brompton Road, S.W.

on bare arms. The girl caught sight of them gleaming ruddily, not to say redly, against the pure white of her gown. Powder refused to adhere, tulle or chiffon drapery refused to obscure, and so those bare red arms spoiled the effect of a really charming bridal costume. They were probably not red at all at trying-on times; nervousness has odd consequences, and weddings are exciting and nervous occasions for the central figure. On the occasion in question, the bride will always look back to her wedding with an accompaniment of unsatisfactory-looking upper limbs.

Spring is here, whatever the weather may say: for there is before me, as I

write, a delightful book of fashions for that cheeriest of all seasons. That the contents are reliably the fashion is assured by the name, Harrods; that they are well up to date by the numbers 1919. There are lovely coloured pages devoted to evening, outdoor, and golfing or tennis costumes: these are as attractive as they are informing. Blouses are things that come in with the spring as surely as the leaves on the trees. Those illustrated in the book are varied: we choose, to show you, the "Chiltern," in cotton Georgette of the finest, with yoke collar and cuffs finished with Valenciennes insertion. The price is 39s. 6d., and the colours—ivory, pink, sky, and champagne. A black ribbon under the collar is a smart finish. The "Cranley" costs only 23s. 6d., is of washing voile, the collar and cuffs of hand-worked broderie anglaise. The shoulder-scarf is of selected ostrich feathers mounted on Ninon, and fastened with a dainty cord girdle. The book is very smart to look at, and produced regardless of cost, so that it can only be sent to those who desire to make real use of it. A. E. L.

We regret to find that, in reproducing a map of the Adriatic showing the position of Fiume, in our issue of May 3, we inadvertently omitted to mention that the map was supplied to us by courtesy of the *Daily Telegraph*.

The high prices charged during the war not only accustomed the public to pay more, but caused them to demand first-rate quality. The makers of the famous "Venus" pencils find that the demand for their product is continually growing. From experience we know that the "Venus" pencil outlasts three of a cheaper kind. The lead is smooth and even, true to grade, and free from grit, and they still maintain their pre-war price of fourpence each, and are obtainable in the seventeen grades, from 6 B (softest) to 9 H (hardest), from all stationers.



THE "CHILTERN" BLOUSE.

Cotton Georgette is the material used for this. The yoke collar and cuffs are daintily trimmed with Valenciennes insertion. It is to be seen at Harrods.



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"Christopher and Columbus." The author of "Elizabeth and Her German Garden" has reached the stage where a popular novelist has no misgivings about being expansive, knowing well that quantity as well as quality will be welcomed by the public. "Christopher and Columbus" (Macmillan) is innocent of pruning and compression, and the travels of the Twinkler twins through America are not more rambling than the roving of their creator's fancy over the idiosyncrasies of her characters. The story, as a story, is wildly extravagant and improbable; but the more impossible the plot becomes, the happier—and the closer to life—are Elizabeth's observations of the foibles of humanity. What could be nearer than the description of the other inmates of the Twinklers' cabin on their Atlantic journey? "It had naturally been expected by the elder ladies that two obscure Twinklers of such manifest youth should rise politely and considerably every morning very early, and get themselves dressed and out of the way in at the most ten minutes, leaving the cabin clear for the slow and careful putting together bit by bit of that which ultimately emerged a perfect specimen of a lady of riper years." Christopher and Columbus (self-styled) are Anna-Rose and Anna-Felicitas, aged seventeen, orphans who, being the children of a German father and an English mother, find extraordinary difficulties in life both in England and America while the war is on. Their difficulties are matched, and even surpassed, by those of kind Mr. Twist, the knight to damsels in distress; and it is out of the amusing nature of his dilemmas and agonies that the story springs. You cannot read such a book in a hurry; but then you would be a fool to want to hurry through one of Elizabeth's novels.

In order to encourage the Transatlantic flight, the proprietors of the very popular State Express cigarettes have offered the additional prize of £2100, under the Competition Rules of the Royal Aero Club.

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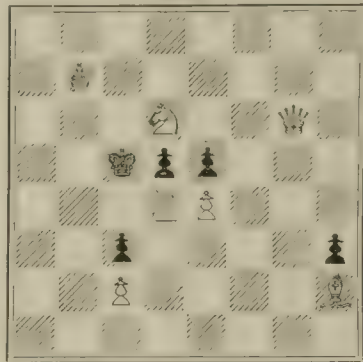
CHESS.

CORRECT SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 3815 received from F. H. Fobes (Schenectady, New York); of No. 3817 from E. M. Vikars (Norwich) and T. F. Raymond (Liverpool); of No. 3818 from Mark Dawson (Horsforth), V. E. C. Blackmore (Forest Gate), R. J. Lonsdale (New Brighton), "Enro," E. J. Gibbs (Upton Manor), and J. T. Palmer (Church).

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 3819 received from G. Stillingfleet Johnson (Colham), A. H. H. (Bath), J. Reynolds, and W. W. Green (Hr. dford).

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 3808.—By J. PAUL TAYLOR.
 1. R to K 5th, and mates next move.

PROBLEM No. 3810.—By W. R. KINSEY.
 BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in two moves.

The most recent issue of the Magazine of the British Correspondence Chess Association appears under the new editorship of Mr. H. E. Mathews, in whom the Committee seem to have found a very efficient successor to the Rev. E. Griffiths, who has rendered such loyal service during the last six strenuous years. The Association itself is holding bravely on its way; but with the coming of peace, it appeals for a larger membership and a more extended field of activity; its hope being to have four classes of competitors in action. The subscription is only five shillings per annum, which includes the Magazine, and all further information will be gladly given by the acting Gen. Sec., Miss D. Shedd, Kewhurst House, Little Common, Bexhill, Sussex.

The first general meeting of the Kent County Chess Association since October 1915 was held at Auderston's Hotel, Fleet Street, E.C., on Saturday, March 29, when Mr. W. W. White (Lee) presided over a representative attendance of members. The Right Hon. Sir William Hart-Dyke was re-elected President, and Mr. R. H. S. Seveon, Match Captain. Vacancies in the Executive were filled by electing Mr. E. L. Raymond (Tunbridge Wells) as Chairman of the Council; Mr. J. W. G. Jamieson, Hon. Secretary; and Mr. S. J. Holloway (Bromley), Hon. Treasurer. Mrs. Holloway (Bromley), Miss Finn, Mr. J. C. Waterman, Mr. F. W. Crisp, Mr. W. C. Rowe (Sidcup), and Mr. S. G. Howell Smith (Tewkesbury) were declared members of the Council; and Mr. C. Chapman (Sevenoaks), Mr. H. J. Stone (Canterbury), and Mr. E. S. Timley (Lewisham), members of the Committee of the Council. The Report of the late Hon. Secretary and Treasurer was adopted, and measures

for reviving the pre-war activities of the Association were discussed and approved. Cordial votes of thanks were passed to the retiring officials, Mr. W. W. White and Mr. W. M. Brooke, in recognition of their invaluable services to Kent chess during a long period of years. Chess-players desirous of becoming members, or requiring information, should apply to the Hon. Secretary, Mr. J. W. G. Jamieson, 45, Clapham Road, London, S.W.9.

CHESS IN AMERICA.

Game played between Messrs. CHAJES and JANOWSKI, and awarded first brilliancy prize, in the recent National Tournament at the Manhattan Chess Club, New York.

(Sicilian Defence.)

WHITE (Mr. C.) BLACK (Mr. J.)

1. P to K 4th P to Q 4th
 2. Kt to K B 3rd Kt to Q B 3rd
 3. P to Q 4th P takes P
 4. Kt takes P Kt to L 3rd
 5. Kt to Q B 3rd P to K Kt 3rd
 6. Kt takes Kt Kt P takes Kt
 7. P to K 5th Kt to Kt sq
 15. P takes Kt
 16. B takes P Q to K sq
 17. B to B 6 (ch) B to Q 2
 18. R takes P (ch) Kt to K 2nd
 19. Q R to K sq Castles
 20. B takes B

For a player of Black's quality, the opening has been poorly handled, a fact this retreat of the Knight only serves to emphasize.

8. B to Q B 4th B to K Kt 2nd
 9. Q to B 3rd P to K 3rd
 10. B to B 4th Q to R 4th
 11. Castles B takes P
 12. K R to K sq B takes B

Neither of these captures is in the least helpful, although they are unavoidable. They expose Black to a damaging attack on both flanks in meeting which his centre is hopelessly compromised.

13. Q takes B P to Q 4th
 14. Q to Q 4th P to B 3rd
 15. Kt takes P

Sacrifice is scarcely the word to use for the surrender of this Knight: it is merely anticipating an exchange by a few moves.

The piece is now regained, and with that the end is in sight. Black can offer no resistance to the resulting assault.

21. Q to Q 5th Kt to B 4th
 22. P to K Kt 4th Kt to R 5th
 23. R to K 7 (ch) K to R 3rd
 24. Q R to K 3rd R to Q Kt sq
 25. P to K B 4th P to Kt 4th
 26. P takes P (ch) P takes P
 27. Q to K 6 (ch) Resigns.

White has played the game very well indeed; but we think the term "brilliant" is misapplied. It does not compare for one moment with that between Capablanca and Marshall which we published a few weeks ago, where the prize might have been fittingly divided between the winner and the loser.

Everyone needs a tonic at one time or another: Anxiety, worry, or overwork lead to lack of vitality, nervous strain, and a feeling of being "below par." What is needed to restore health and vitality is not a stimulant or drug, but a tonic food, which will restore and rebuild the wasted brain and body cells. Ovaltine is such a tonic food. It supplies, in a highly concentrated form, the vitalising and reconstructive elements of Nature's tonic foods—malt, milk, and eggs—and is easily assimilated even when the digestive functions are weak. Ovaltine makes a delicious beverage, taken between meals or instead of other beverages at meal-times.



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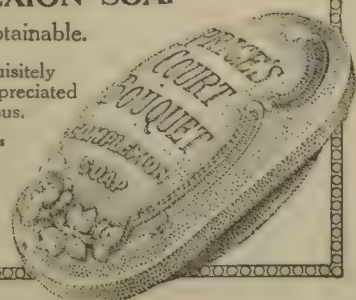
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THE PLAYHOUSES.

"JUDITH," AT THE KINGSWAY.

IF only for its external beauties of setting and costume, provided by Mr. Charles Ricketts, and for the picturesque part it supplies for that picturesque actress, Miss Lillah McCarthy, "Judith," is worth everybody's seeing. None the less, it sets one wondering whether such an enterprise as Mr. Arnold Bennett has attempted in his version of the old Biblical, or Apocryphal, story, does not require one of two extreme methods, and whether its author has not fallen between two stools. Weird, exotic mixture of the patriotic and the sensual appeal as the legend of Judith and Holofernes is, and must remain, however treated, it deals with high issues, and ranks high among Jewish national traditions; to keep it at such a level, blank verse and a somewhat archaic diction might have been employed. On the other hand, since it is also concerned with an eternal problem of sex, and with woman

as temptress, there might be deemed warrant for giving it a modern handling. Mr. Bennett has not had quite the courage to go the whole hog with the modern method. While his realisation of the atmosphere of war and his quips at the expense of idealists, and rhetoricians, and intriguers make us constantly think of our own times, he has reserved for his patriotic speeches and his scenes of passion language of a more formal and traditional sort, so that his episodes of satirical humour and his more emotional passages do not hang together. The result is that his play proves a little tame sometimes, and lacks exaltation, and we find ourselves more concerned with this Judith's bold display of her personal charms than with the object of her mission, with the sensuous accessories rather than with the sentiment which should raise the business of murder above melodrama. We even doubt our Judith as patriot, so deliberately does she seem to play on the animal instincts of not merely Holofernes, but every man she meets. Miss McCarthy, of course, gets big effects out of the big scene,

and Mr. Claude King acts fiercely enough as the Assyrian, while the eunuch of Mr. Ernest Thesiger is a whole-hearted study in viciousness that will cause most playgoers to shudder, so vile and evil a thing does he look. By contrast, the pert waiting-maid of Miss Esme Hubbard, and even the braggart schemer Ozias of Mr. Campbell Gullan's clever representation, make welcome relief.

"THE BLACK FEATHER," AT THE SCALA.

Perhaps "The Black Feather" is a little unlucky in its time; a year or two ago there would have been more indulgence for this four-act spy-play of W. A. Tremayne's writing, with its fatuous-seeming British hero, who foils the plots of the enemy; its countless who steals papers; and its equally conventional stage villains; its fussy ex-diplomat and other old friends of melodrama. To-day the plot seems hackneyed, and the dialogue long-winded. The one great merit of the Scala production consists in its bringing certain old favourites back to the stage—to wit, Mr. J. H. Barnes, Miss Sybil Arundale, and Miss Susie Vaughan.



"Red Tape" Rhymes.

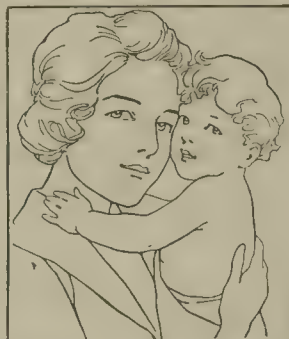
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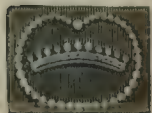
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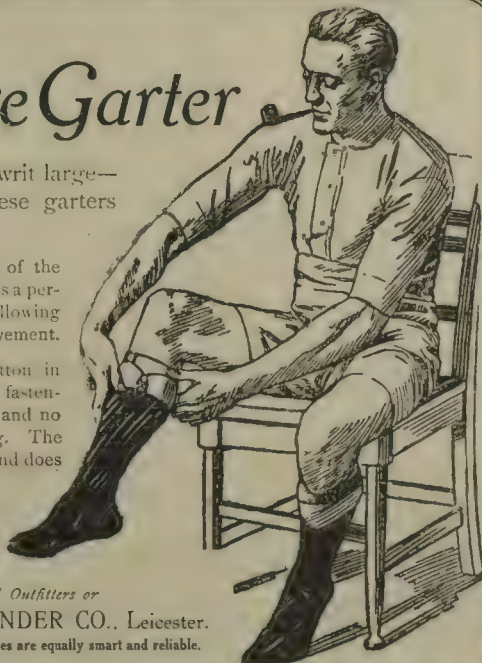
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THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

The Budget and the Fuel Taxes.

If there is any one section of the community which has reason to be satisfied with Mr. Chamberlain's Budget, it is the motoring class. He has certainly redeemed the pledge that was given at the time the super-tax on petrol was imposed, and that unpopular impost is to be dropped forthwith; while the irksome formalities connected with obtaining a licence to purchase fuel also disappear. Further than that, in order to encourage the production and use of a home-produced fuel, he has removed the Excise tax from benzol, which can now—or shortly will be—purchased duty free. True, he has not seen his way to the reduction of the carriage taxes, which are really inordinately high; but that was hardly to be expected, and I doubt not the motorist generally will be profoundly thankful for the large measure of relief afforded, which must assist the development of the movement to a high extent.

It will be curious to watch the effect of this relief on the price of motor fuel. Before the Budget the price of petrol was about 3s. 7½d. per gallon, while in some quarters it was possible to obtain benzol at 2s. 6d. The pre-war price of petrol was 1s. 7½d., including the Excise tax of 1d. This tax now stands at 6d. per gallon, so that, given the same conditions in the freight and insurance markets, the legitimate price would be 1s. 10½d. a gallon. We know, however, that these conditions are not quite the same, freights having risen considerably compared with 1917. On the other hand, there are certain factors which tend to level up these increases, and there is no logical or commercial reason why the petroleum companies should not be able to sell their petrol at this price and still make a handsome profit. Even if we allow another 1½d. per gallon to meet the conditions existing at the moment, petrol ought not to cost a farthing more than 2s. a gallon. Anything in excess of that is rank profiteering—or will be as soon as the Petrol Control Board is wiped out and the Budget proposals become effective. Benzol,

too, must have a marked effect on the price of petrol. If it was possible to sell this product at 2s. 6d. per gallon before the Budget, it is clear that the price now, duty free,

should not be more than 2s. In point of fact, it is likely to be less before long, as soon as the distribution arrangements now being made by the companies concerned in its production become effective. On all counts, we should be able to look for much cheaper motor fuel in the near future.



ON THE TOP OF MONT CENIS: A CONVOY OF FIAT CARS. Our photograph shows a convoy of the well-known Fiat motor-cars on the top of Mont Cenis Pass, 7000 feet above sea-level.



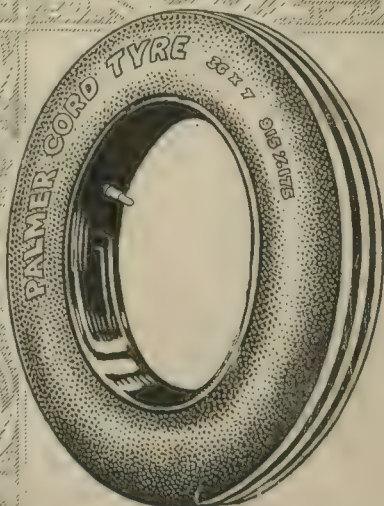
A NIZAM'S NAPIER, AND A CONTRAST IN TRANSIT. Our photograph shows one of the Nizam of Hyderabad's Napier cars, still running after many years of service. It is an old type, but has survived the stress of much hard work in a country where reliability is invaluable. It is interesting to compare the car and the elephant, seen with its attendant and driver.

Battery v. Magneto Ignition.

Quite an interesting discussion is taking place in the *Autocar* on the respective merits of battery and magneto ignition. Naturally, the discussion takes a markedly technical turn, which it would be out of place to introduce here. It seems to me that the real question at issue is not one of absolute efficiency judged from the standpoint of the electrical engineer, but which gives the best practical results in the hands of the amateur driver or the comparatively unskilled chauffeur. For my own part, I have had a good deal of experience of both systems, and, as a result, I am inclined to favour the magneto. Not that I have met with any real trouble in the case of modern battery systems, but that the potentialities for trouble seem to be greater than in the magneto. For the latter to fail is an almost unheard-of thing nowadays. Mechanically and electrically, it is probably the most reliable part

of any car, and about the last to give real trouble. A dirty high-tension distributor and badly adjusted contacts are about the worst of the minor ills to be encountered, and they are easily put right by anyone with the most elementary knowledge of the car. The failure of electric-lighting sets is more frequent. Not that it is at all usual, and when it does occur it is generally due to neglect on the part of the owner or his driver. Batteries are never looked at from one month to another, with the result that the electrolyte is allowed to get low and the plates to sulphate, until at last the inevitable happens and the light breaks down hopelessly twenty miles from anywhere. The car can get home well enough—it is only a question of an auxiliary light—but it is a different matter if the ignition current is supplied from the same battery set. In this connection it is significant to note the trend of design in America, where

(Continued on p. 697.)



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SIZE	COVER		TUBES
	Ribbed	Studded	
	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
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for 650 x 65 rims			
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710 x 90	6 16 0	—	0 19 6
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810 x 90	7 19 6	10 12 0	1 2 0
765 x 105	8 12 0	11 2 0	1 5 0
815 x 105	9 8 6	11 18 6	1 7 6
820 x 120	14 1 6	17 5 0	1 13 0
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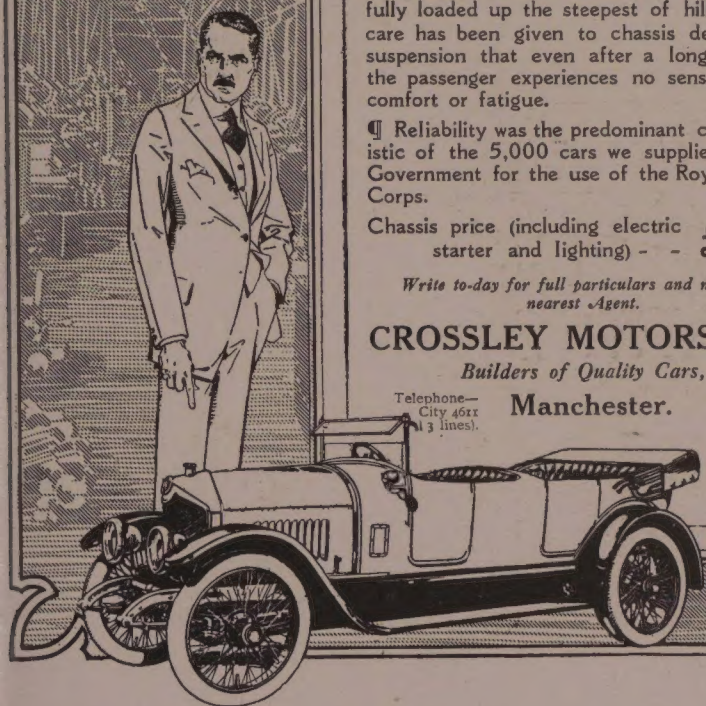
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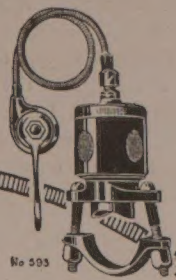
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(Continued.)

the battery system has been thoroughly tried over a period of several years. The American manufacturers, except those who make the cheapest of cars, are swinging back to the magneto as an ignition appliance, and trusting only to the battery for the lighting system. Why this movement is taking place I do not pretend to say, but it seems fair to assume that it is a result of the only experience that is really worth while—that of the private user of the car.

A Word of Warning.

The R.A.C. writes to say that in many districts the police are showing considerable activity in bringing to book offenders against motoring law in respect of the number-plates on cars being indistinct. Now that the roads may be expected to resume their summer coating of dust, plates are likely to become worse obliterated than ever. The club also point out that the practice of painting



INTERESTING AVIATORS: THE LORD CHANCELLOR AND HIS SON.

Lord Birkenhead, the Lord Chancellor, with his son, the Hon. Frederick Smith, recently enjoyed a trip by aeroplane and our photograph shows Lord Birkenhead and his son (centre), with Mr. Parrott (Messrs. Roe and Co.'s Southampton manager), Commander Chillcott, and Captain Hamersley, immediately after the descent.

the front number on the radiator has its risks. Unless the paint is renewed fairly frequently, the heat of the cooling-water tends gradually to obliterate the number. The police have a sharp eye for this offence in most parts of the country.

Sunbeams in the Air.

During the recent trial flight of airship "R 34," from Glasgow over the Irish Channel and back via the Midlands, it is interesting to note that the five Sunbeam-Coatalen "Maori 4" aircraft engines ran continuously for nineteen-and-a-half hours without giving the slightest trouble. Very severe weather was experienced during the trip, and the fact that these engines performed so well is a tribute to the excellence of their design and construction. The conditions generally were calculated to test them to the utmost. W. W.

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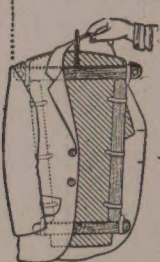
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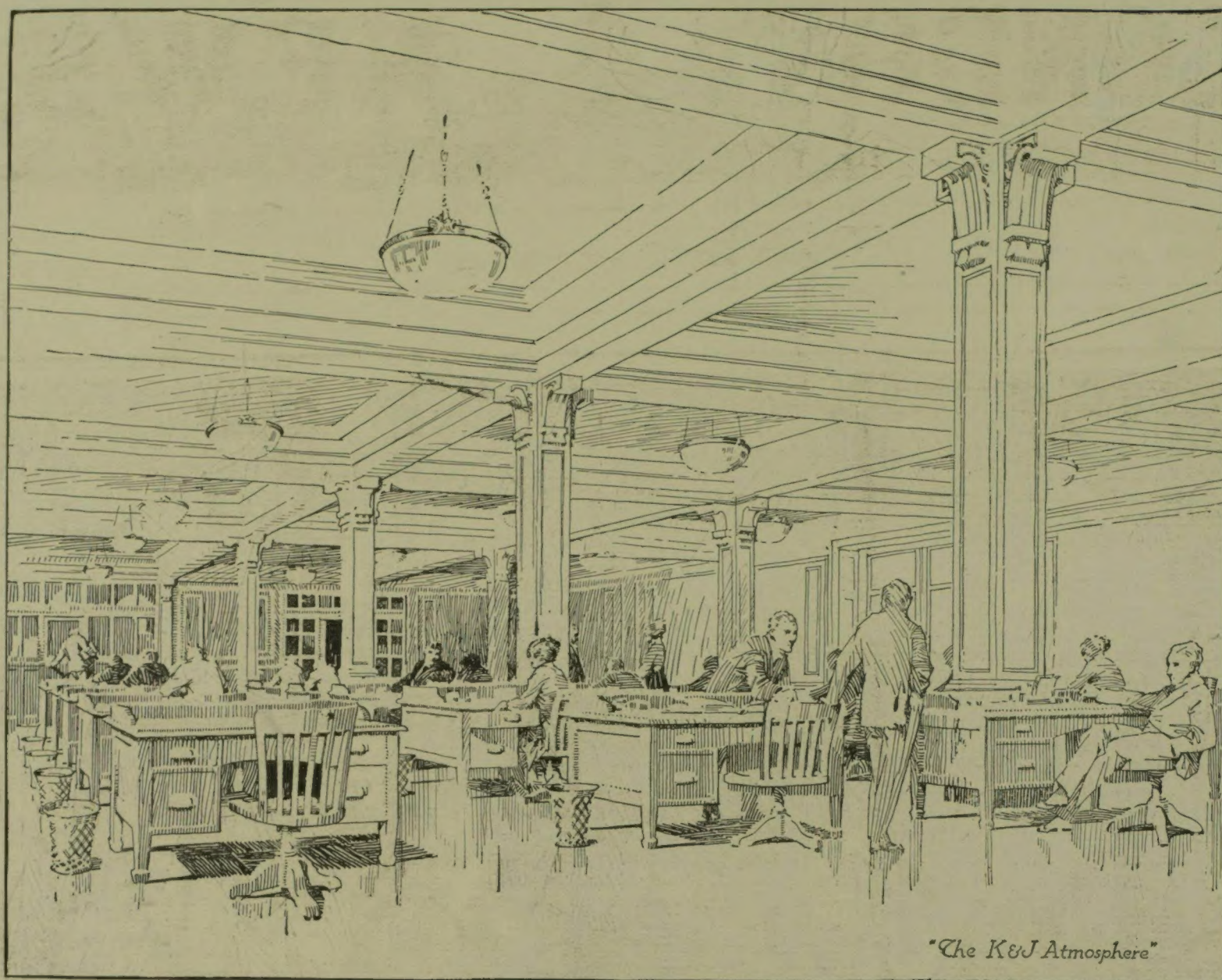
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